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THE
FORUM
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JULY, 1934 VOL. 92, NO. 1

SHOULD COLLEGE HAVE A PURPOSE?

Editorial Foreword

A FRIEND OF mine, headmaster of a school for boys in Pennsylvania who has now been called to Harvard, in a recent statement charted a clear course through the confusion of American education. No matter how forward-looking our schools may be they can never afford to throw overboard the experience of the past. Machines and electric power become more important, but they will never transcend humanity. "French and Latin and algebra and science," he asserted, "must be retained, modified, and improved in order to turn out persons who can think their way through their problems. . . . *Humanity is the primary thing: and it must be cumulative.*"

Last year I published an editorial entitled "A Challenge to the Colleges." I attacked our colleges of liberal arts for lack of definite purpose and compared the best of them with glorified country clubs. My editorial was met by a storm of comment — both praise and censure — from educators and particularly from college presidents. The chief objections came from those who thought that I wished to make college life too definite, too serious. From foreign countries friends wrote to me in praise of the casual life of the American college. "Why make your colleges serious?" they asked. "The very country-club features which you deplore give to American education its grace and distinction. Is not the American college in this truculent and shell-shocked world the last place where a human being can loaf and invite his soul at ease?"

Some American teachers took exception to my praise of Latin and Greek and called it reactionary. Some others thought I was holding a brief for vocational and professional training. And Dean Inge of St. Paul's wrote, "We do not want young specialists of fifteen."

"PURPOSE"

ON THE contrary, in appealing to young people to examine themselves before entering college and to chart their courses after they get there, I am not advocating any particular regimen. I am merely asking each student to determine for himself where he is headed. Let us take two examples. There is a boy who has decided that he wants to be a lawyer. He hopes some day to learn in law school all he will need to know about the law. He decides that in college it will be best for him to study anything but law and to take subjects that have no relation to law; to select work, on the contrary, that will prepare him to become a well-informed human being. Instead of history he studies chemistry. Instead of jurisprudence he chooses courses in the arts. Far from making his college years a training for his vocation in life

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this boy is eager to apply four years to absorbing the general culture and graces of citizenship which later may be denied him in the struggle for a livelihood. That boy has a definite direction. He is to be applauded for charting his college life.

Equally to be praised is another boy who also hopes to become a lawyer. Unlike the first boy he chooses in college only those studies which prepare for his profession. He elects Latin, Ethics, the History of Government. These two boys with the same ultimate goal arrive at it by different routes. The point is that each has a purpose.

Some teachers will probably disagree with my point of view. To some the ideal college is like an uncharted sea of discovery. They would compare the curriculum to a Swedish *smorgas* table at which the hungry student is invited to wander blindfolded and sample a hundred viands until his appetite is sated and he rolls under the table to sleep off his indigestion.

The sooner a student makes up his mind what it is all about the more useful will be his college career. One of the questions on every set of college-entrance examinations ought to be "Why are you going to college?"

A Youth Movement?

And now from personal ambition let us turn to community purpose. Have American students of to-day any common ideal or enthusiasm? From many countries of Europe we hear of the stirring of youth. In German cities one meets squadrons of girls marching with heads erect singing through the streets. In Russia and in Italy youth knows just where it is going: it is glowing with the glad desire to serve the state. Even individualistic England has its youth clubs; they often take the form of out-of-door protests against war. Here in America there is as yet no concerted youth movement. Given inspired leadership a youth program could spring from the Civilian Conservation Corps.

As yet we have only small, energetic groups of young people with no common object. I discovered this recently by personal test. I began searching for an American watchword to serve not the critical intelligence but the constructive emotions of our younger idealists. Asking for such a watchword I wrote to leaders in several groups: Young America, the National Student Federation, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Young Socialists, the Young Communists, the Student League for Industrial Democracy — and to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. All replied that as yet no common denominator was visible. Among the slogans submitted were the following: "A Just Deal," "A Fair Deal" (not "A New Deal" or "A Square Deal"), "Opportunity For All," "Humanity First," "Find a Way or Make a Way," "Seek Beauty and Give Service," "Play Ball," "Keep Marching," "Let's Go," and "Keep Smiling." The highest common denominator of all these slogans seems to be "Play Ball." The question remains "What kind of ball shall we play?"

Talk about American individualism dying! We need have no fear of that. In discussing the proposition of united purpose with college professors from different parts of the country I have become convinced that a unified youth movement such as might be conceived in a more emotional country is hardly possible in America. Instead we should hope for the development of several youth movements to harmonize the emotions of different types of young American individualists. Sometimes these groups may work at cross purposes, but that is no alarming prospect, providing the different crusades sublimate idealistic forces. Let these ideals all be merged in the grand conception of a future American co-operating commonwealth.

In foreign countries, where statecraft is a career, young people go to the universities to prepare for public office. Other students group about these brave spirits and follow them as their leaders. President Dodds of Princeton has indicated that the call for a "brain trust" to help accomplish the New Deal exposes the crying need in America of college training for public career as a profession. Many universities are trying to foster that ambition. Meanwhile, with or without help from his teachers, any courageous student can prepare for the profession of politics. Failing that he can at least dedicate his college life to good citizenship.

Henry Goddard Leach

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AMŒBIC DYSENTERY IN CHICAGO

A Mystery Unraveled

BY MILTON S. MAYER

On May 27, 1933, Chicago's world fair opened. On November 12 it closed. It had brought some 10,000,000 people and $150,000,000 to the city. On November 9, three days before the fair closed, President Herman N. Bundesen of the Chicago Board of Health told the world that an outbreak of amœbic dysentery had occurred in Chicago: it had begun late in May; it had increased in severity through the summer; it was now under control.

Eighty-five per cent of the cases had occurred outside Chicago, in 200 cities all over the United States and Canada. Ninety-five per cent of the cases (it was afterwards determined) were traceable to two of Chicago's "finest" hotels — the large, luxurious Congress and the smaller, quieter Auditorium, occupying adjoining corners on Michigan Boulevard. So Chicago had not suffered much herself. The potential victims of her grotesque hospitality had been the 10,000,000 visitors to "America's healthiest city."

It was plain enough that, had the world been informed of the outbreak on June 9 instead of November 9, the fair would have been ruined, and Chicago would have been out $150,000,000. And with the rest of the country the people of Chicago conceded that somebody somewhere in the city must have known about it and must have had sinister reasons for failing to disclose it. Who?

Every road of suspicion led to the office of Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, "savior of babies," "friend of mothers," "builder of health," "minister of mercy," and, incidentally, master politician, squanderer of public funds for private ballyhoo, plagiarist of medical literature, endorser of Joe Grein's Sauer Kraut Juice, Viking Cod Liver Oil, Johnson Chairs, Aciduro, and so on, and broadcaster for Horlick's Malted Milk, Kemp's Tomato Juice, Dean's Vitamin D Evaporated Milk, Chicago's "milk trust," and just plain bananas. A working familiarity with Bundesen's political career is indispensable to a study of the outbreak of amœbic dysentery in Chicago.

Friends and Enemies

Republican Bundesen had been Thompson's health commissioner in 1922–23. Dever, a pathetically honest old man, succeeded Thompson on a Democratic "reform" ticket and retained Bundesen. The latter became a Democrat. When Thompson rode back in 1927 he replaced Bundesen with the Thompson family physician, Dr. Arnold H. Kegel. Democrat Mike Rosenberg, boss of the Sanitary District, four of whose officials have since been convicted of defrauding the taxpayers of $5,000,000, created the office of health commissioner in the Sanitary District for Bundesen. In his one year at this job Bundesen did away with wonderful sums — for example $672,970 for "mosquito control" in a single section of the city. Gorgas cleaned up the Canal Zone on $400,000 a year.

In 1929 the "savior of babies" felt he was strong enough to run for mayor, but Democratic boss A. J. (Ten-Per-Cent Tony) Cermak dealt him out and took the mayoralty for himself, reinstating Bundesen as health commissioner. Nominally a member of the Cermak machine but immensely powerful in his own right as the result of his "baby literature" operations, Bundesen burned with ambition to be Chicago's mayor in 1935, when Cermak planned to abdicate with an eye to a United States senatorship. And with Cermak dead and his malodorous successor, Kelly, destined for the skids, nothing could stop Bundesen — nothing but a scandal — an epidemic, for instance, traced to the negligence of the health commissioner.

The lower stratum of the medical profession

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in the city envied Bundesen; the upper stratum mistrusted him. He resigned five years ago from the Chicago Medical Society when that politically active organization split over the expulsion of Dr. Louis E. Schmidt, his friend and adviser, over the question of group medicine. Bundesen incurred the enmity of the Society by his resignation, and the appointment of Dr. Kegel as chairman of the Society's Public Health Administration Committee was a natural sequence.

Bundesen preceded and succeeded the notoriously incompetent Kegel as health commissioner. When Kegel took the office he discovered that Bundesen had removed a list of 200,000 babies born during his tenure. It was openly known that firms manufacturing baby needs would pay 50 cents a name for the list. A court order forced Bundesen to return it — but not until after he had made a copy. A $200,000 suit by the City of Chicago (instituted by Health Commissioner Kegel) is still pending against Bundesen in federal court.

Repossessing the office Bundesen retaliated by summoning a committee which declared Kegel's report on his administration unfit for publication and recommended it be destroyed.

Another active enemy of Bundesen's was Dr. William A. Evans. Evans, like Kegel a former health commissioner of Chicago, was Health Editor of the *Chicago Tribune* for several years. Bundesen was Health Editor of the *Daily News*.

These, together of course with all the Republicans in Chicago, were ready to let go at Bundesen on any pretext. Passively opposed to him in addition was that eminently feeble and inarticulate group of average Chicagoans who pray nightly for their city.

But Bundesen's administration of Chicago's health department had made history; Chicago was actually one of the healthiest large cities in the world. Past President of the American Public Health Association, holder of an Sc.D. degree from Northwestern, professorial lecturer at the University of Chicago, Bundesen was beyond cavil a great sanitarian. Thus fortified, together with his long-a-building influence over the mother element, he was impervious to all attacks.

His friends were as potent as his enemies. The two avowedly Republican papers of the city — the *News* and the *Tribune* — were spokesmen for this Democrat! Bundesen's health column was a big circulation puller for the *News*, which had frequently been accused of covering up for him. Because he was a member of the local Democratic machine he was immune from attack by the *Tribune*, which had become the organ of the Democratic party on the *pro-tem* appointment of Mayor Kelly, for twenty years known as "McCormick's man," McCormick being the inheritor-publisher of the paper. The Hearst morning *Herald and Examiner* opposed Bundesen, but the Hearst *Evening American* handled him gently rather than be accused of using him as the pretext for a mud war with its rival, the *News*. The independent little tabloid *Times* had no alliances or repressions, but its influence was small.

In addition to the *News*, the *Tribune*, and the mothers, Bundesen had in his camp the business men (including the hotel men) and industrialists, whose places of business are subject to health-department inspection, and, as a public official of "our city," the vast, thick-headed aggregate of individuals and organizations — typified by the Chicago Association of Commerce — that fly the flag of civic pride.

The Lid Blows Off

The storm that broke on November 9, 1933, centered on Bundesen. He was accused of having suppressed the news of the outbreak in the hope that it would blow over without being laid at his door; of having suppressed it at the behest of the fair, the business men of the city, and the Congress Hotel; he was accused, finally, of negligence and incompetence in discovering the outbreak and in tracing it.

Under the thinnest of veils Herman N. Bundesen was charged with mass murder. It was a charge that seemed plausible. Every newspaper man in the city knew that Bundesen was consumed with ambition, knew that his loud devotion to "my people" was suspect, knew that he might have had to decide between his career and a few lives.

Was the news of the outbreak suppressed? The answer to this question involves a brief chronology of events. On August 16 two cases of amœbic dysentery were reported to the Chicago Board of Health by two hospitals in the city. This was not unusual, because an

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average of two cases a month is reported in Chicago. Both these patients, however, were found to have eaten at the Congress Hotel. Bundesen ordered an investigation; a laboratory was set up in the Congress; and the entire staff of food handlers was examined. By the end of August, 13 clinical cases of amœbic dysentery had been discovered among these employees of the hotel.

In so far as the medical profession's knowledge of the disease at that time was concerned this was no cause for a general alarm. In 1926–27 an outbreak of similar proportions had occurred at the Auditorium Hotel, and it had been scotched in the prescribed manner: dismissal of those food handlers who were carriers of the parasite or were actively infected and the establishment of sanitary control measures. (The disease is transmitted through fecal matter.)

The laboratory was maintained at the Congress through September. Additional carriers and active cases were found among the food handlers. Except for two cases in August, none was reported among guests of the hotel. Cases reported from the city at large were fewer than the normal expectancy.

Dr. Fred C. Tonney, Director of Technical Service and Research of the Chicago health department, had been in charge of the laboratory. He made a report on the outbreak at the convention of the American Public Health Association in Indianapolis October 9. His paper reviewed the means taken by the Chicago health department to check what then appeared to be a minor local incidence. The Association handed out news releases embodying the substance of the report to the Indianapolis papers and press associations. Only one Indianapolis paper used the item. The NBC radio chain broadcast it. The attitude of the Chicago health department and the nation's health officers at this point is clear: (1) The news was not regarded as a matter of public importance; (2) it was not suppressed.

That same day Dr. Tonney was informed by a citizen of Indianapolis that two members of his family who had stopped at the Congress were afflicted with the disease. Before the close of the convention Dr. Tonney had discovered eight cases in Indianapolis; all eight victims had stopped at the Congress Hotel.

Tonney returned to Chicago October 19 and reported his findings to Bundesen. The two men were alarmed to such an extent that Bundesen demanded of the Congress a list of its guests during the period of the fair. By this time two new cases had been reported by guests at the Congress, but up to October 27 no unusual number of cases had been found in the city as a whole. Bundesen sent questionnaires to the 16,000 world-fair guests of the Congress.

The questionnaires came back slowly. Cases diagnosed as diarrhea, appendicitis, peritonitis, colitis, and ulcerative colitis were reported in the answers. Each person so afflicted — or his physician — was called by long-distance telephone. (There were in all 1,500 long-distance calls made from Bundesen's office.) Physicians throughout the temperate zone learned for the first time how to diagnose amœbic dysentery. Men and women on their way to the operating table — for appendicitis and so on — were wheeled back into their rooms; they were found to be suffering from amœbic dysentery.

By the evening of November 8, thirty-five replies had been received indicating unspecified diarrheal disturbances. Bundesen released a statement to the press, sent a survey of the situation to every state health department, and notified United States Surgeon General Cumming by telephone, asking that a representative of the federal Public Health Service be sent to Chicago. On the following day a second statement prepared with Dr. Roscoe R. Spencer of the Public Health Service was released. On November 14 Bundesen made a radio broadcast covering all of the United States and Canada.

The Hush Story

My conclusion is that the news was not suppressed. The most important single fact in this entire situation, I think, is that there is no dissension on this point among the disinterested experts who have investigated it independently or in groups.

The dissenting voices were those of the half-cocked lay press, of Bundesen's political and professional enemies, and of those honest citizens who like myself had long since tabbed Bundesen for a dangerous man. The loudest

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dissenting voice was that of — guess who — the chairman of the public-health committee of the Chicago Medical Society, by name Dr. Arnold H. Kegel.

In Chicago, even among Bundesen's evil-wishers — or the more sportsmanlike of them, anyway — the fact that Kegel was chairman of the committee that made the report was enough to discredit the report — if not the Society. Bundesen demanded a retraction, pointing out misstatement after misstatement of facts and figures and more than one misquotation. But although the affair led to a schism between the membership and the Executive Council of the Society the retraction was not made.

Dr. Evans appeared on the scene at this point. Kegel's report stated that Dr. Frank Jirka, director of the Illinois state health department, had written Bundesen on November 8 requesting details of the Chicago situation. The daily papers of November 9 carried Dr. Bundesen's report. The implication was that Jirka had forced Bundesen to announce the outbreak. But Jirka's letter had not requested details of the situation. It had stated simply that his attention had been called to the fact that amœbic dysentery was still occurring in a certain hotel in Chicago and that

> it is possible that it might be the vegetables that are coming from a certain place that are responsible.

Evans, probably through his implied influence with the *Tribune*, controls the state health department. As soon as Bundesen had made his announcement on November 9 the department leaped into the breach with a bulletin containing instructions for combating amœbic dysentery. This bulletin was dictated by Evans. Its hurried issuance was to show negligence on the part of Bundesen — Evans' old enemy. The bulletin was so rife with error, and the instructions so impossible of adoption that no subsequent effort was made by the state health department to follow it up.

In so far as disinterested experts have mentioned the subject, as such, of the suppression of the news, I quote:

Dr. Roscoe R. Spencer, U. S. public-health surgeon:

> Dr. Bundesen and the board of health are to be congratulated on the promptness, aggressiveness, and thoroughness with which the situation has been handled.

The *International Medical Digest* (March, 1934):

> It can never be denied that the health authorities of the city of Chicago took every means of informing the world in general, and the United States and Canada in particular, of the danger.

The Journal of the American Medical Association (February 3, 1934):

> Attention is called in this connection to the chronology of the incidents concerned in this outbreak, the gradual manner in which necessary facts were perforce developed, and the way in which questionnaires, radio broadcasting and publicity were used to bring to light as many cases as possible outside of Chicago.

It is a fact that the officials of the Congress with their $8,000,000 institution at stake attempted to suppress the association of the hotel with the outbreak by appealing to the Chicago newspapers, with success in some instances. But what connection did the delay in announcing the outbreak until November 9 have with A Century of Progress?

I went to Rufus Dawes and asked him squarely: "Did any official of A Century of Progress so far as you know at any time suggest or accede to anybody else's suggestion that any news of the amœbic-dysentery outbreak in Chicago be suppressed?"

"No," said Dawes.

Had that come from Charley Dawes I might have gone further; coming from Rufus, whose habits of character I know well, it was enough for me, and I commend it to the reader.

One of the vital factors in the delayed announcement of the outbreak was medical science's ignorance of the period of incubation of amœbic dysentery. It is now known to be from nine to ninety days. The majority of those who contracted it while visiting Chicago felt no ill effects for a month, two months, even three months after their return home. This remoteness of effect from cause and the inability of either the victims or the medical profession to diagnose the disturbance correctly are in themselves explanatory, it seems to me, of Bundesen's hesitancy to announce in October an epidemic that had its inception — as it was afterwards established — in May.

Bundesen — Guilty or Not Guilty?

Having claimed 800 victims and 50 lives, the outbreak seems to have run its course.

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How competently has Bundesen handled it?

It has already been suggested that had he not gone to the Congress and demanded its list of world-fair guests, had he not exceeded his jurisdiction and questioned those 16,000 guests in every part of the country, had he not made those 1,500 long-distance calls, the source of the outbreak might never have been known. Throughout the nation the death rate for diarrhea, appendicitis, and other causes would have risen. The cases were so thinly spread from north to south and from east to west that they might never have been correlated as an epidemic arising from a single source.

My own belief is that had Bundesen been playing the great game of politics as might have been expected of him he would never have lifted a finger. He could have sat tight, gambling with all the odds in his favor that the epidemic would not be discovered and confident that if it were he had a perfect out: it did not occur in Chicago. But he went abroad and gathered up the flimsy clues to a mystery not even generally suspected and brought it to solution on his own doorstep.

Dr. William Allen Pusey of Chicago, past President of the American Medical Association, wrote in a private and hitherto-unpublished note to Rufus Dawes:

> The Chicago health authorities not only took the proper precautions for handling the outbreak, but without their intelligent initiative in handling it, it might even not have been recognized and traced to Chicago.

As a Chicagoan who thinks Chicago is long overdue for a dose of good government it pains me to plug the campaign of Herman N. Bundesen for mayor. But he is to be judged here as health commissioner of Chicago and as that solely. If his enemies in the city must attack him let them attack him for bringing disgrace to the name of Chicago — for revealing Chicago as the source of an epidemic of uncleanliness.

Before going into the matter of responsibility for that uncleanliness I shall quote from the report made February 3, 1934, by a committee of ten nationally recognized hygienists, bacteriologists, and engineers:

> Until this time, amebic dysentery had not been known to occur as an epidemic disease in a civil population.
>
> It is believed that this outbreak might not have been recognized and traced to Chicago without the action taken by the Chicago health authorities.
>
> The measures taken by the public health authorities of Chicago when there was sufficient evidence to warrant the belief that the population of the city and its visitors were faced with the menace of amebic dysentery were those generally recommended and generally considered sufficient in the light of the best scientific advice and in conformity with the best public health practice. Exclusion of carriers among food handlers and sanitary precautions with respect to all food handlers had apparently been applied successfully in an outbreak in Chicago in 1926–27.

The *International Medical Digest* for March, 1934, editorializing on this report, said:

> . . . the report reveals that the Chicago Health Department was not negligent in its duties, but it was through its efforts that the cause of one of the most extraordinary outbreaks of disease that has ever occurred in the United States was successfully determined.

I have heard it advanced that the entire medical profession has conspired to vindicate Bundesen in an effort to cover up its own negligence and incompetence. I find nowhere (except in the patently malicious report of the Chicago Medical Society's Public Health Administration Committee) any attempt by the profession to deny that part of the responsibility involved in its own ignorance of the disease and its own inattentiveness to a danger hitherto unknown in epidemic form.

The position of the medical profession in the outbreak is discussed not only by the committee of ten but by Dr. Charles C. Lund of Boston, writing in *The Journal* of the A. M. A. (November 25, 1933) about the fatal cases of four lumber-company officials — members of a group of six which had met at the Congress Hotel June 30. The Chicago Board of Health, Dr. Lund points out, had not been informed of these cases at the time Dr. Tonney read his paper in Indianapolis. Dr. Lund and an associate stated:

> . . . the senior author [Dr. Lund] was consulted by the physician and family of patient 1, and never once (during the lifetime of the patient) thought seriously of amebiasis as the diagnosis, having been trained to think of amebiasis only as a disease found for the most part in the tropics.

Medical men recognize Dr. Charles F. Craig, a member of the committee of ten and author of several articles on amœbiasis, as far and away the nation's outstanding authority on

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tropical diseases. His supplementary statement to the committee's report read in part:

> Dr. Bundesen handled the matter with great energy and is to be congratulated for what he did.

But the testimony most significant to me is that of Dr. Mazyck P. Ravenel of the University of Missouri. On an unwitting tip from a member of the committee of ten I learned that Bundesen was in possession of copies of a private correspondence between Ravenel and other scientists arising from Ravenel's unwillingness as Editor of the *American Journal of Public Health* to express himself editorially on the subject until he had learned the truth.

Bundesen naturally enough refused to place this correspondence in my hands without the permission of Ravenel. I communicated with Ravenel at the University of Missouri and received his permission to divulge it.

Ravenel suspected the Chicago Board of Health of negligence in handling the outbreak. After the committee of ten made its report he opened a correspondence with Abel Wolman of the Maryland State Board of Health, the member of the committee selected by the other nine for his nationally recognized qualifications as a sanitary engineer. Ravenel was outspoken:

> I think the committee made a bad blunder in not sticking to scientific facts as it saw them, but went out of its way in paragraphs 1 and 2 of the conclusions to support the health authorities of Chicago. One cannot write a good scientific article with a white-wash brush. Unfortunately, the committee's findings do not seem to be sticking.

Wolman answered Ravenel's questions of fact but with Ravenel's permission referred to Bundesen the Missourian's questions of suspicion. Bundesen at once invited Ravenel to Chicago to make a first-hand inspection. Ravenel spent a week there. Returning to his home the end of March he wrote two letters which I think must carry more weight, in view of their author's earlier attitude, than any other report on the situation.

One of these letters was written to his friend, Clark McAdam, Editor of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*. The *Post Dispatch* was one of the many reputable journals that had vituperated Bundesen. McAdam was informed that the letter was not for publication, and it has not hitherto been printed. It reads, in part:

> I have just returned from Chicago, where I made a pretty careful study of the situation in regard to amebic dysentery. The facts have made me modify my views in almost every respect and to change them entirely in regard to others. I am sorry that I cannot write fully about them in a letter, but wish you would go to Chicago yourself and make a study, but if you do so, avoid the Congress Hotel group.
>
> One great point of criticism in which I thought we all were correct is in regard to the dates. Unquestionably there were cases in May, June and July, but many of these diagnoses are made in retrospect. The great point is that these cases did not occur in Chicago. It is only comparatively recently that the facts have been known even to those in Chicago.
>
> After a careful study of the situation, I am convinced that I have been wrong in many of my criticisms. The history of amebiasis will have to be largely rewritten.

To Dr. J. C. Geiger, health commissioner of San Francisco, Dr. Ravenel wrote in the same vein, adding:

> I am perfectly sure that there has been no suppression of news. The delay in getting certain things out was due to the fact that these cases have occurred not in Chicago. Diagnoses are coming in even now. I am perfectly sure that Dr. Bundesen saved a good many lives by his long distance telephone calls, as it is evident that most of the people who died were killed by operations for appendicitis, etc., rather than by amebic dysentery.

Who Is Responsible?

If Bundesen is — to put it cautiously — innocent of wrongdoing, who is guilty?

To establish this it is necessary to remind the reader that authorities are at the present time agreed that the epidemic was not the result of the contamination of food by infected handlers. The fact that no serious epidemic had ever before spread from food handlers was in the minds of the investigators early in the study of the outbreak. In addition, cases appeared in increasing numbers after all infected handlers had been removed from the Congress Hotel and sanitary provisions of the most exacting order established. Another blow to the food-handler theory was the very recent discovery after exhaustive experimentation by the U. S. Public Health Service that *entamœbae histolyticae* die in from five to ten minutes after being spread on the hands — the mode of transmission of the disease by food handlers.

It was not until December of last year, however, that the water supply of the Congress Hotel was suspected as the source of the epi-

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demic. *Entamœba histolytica* was known to appear in virulent form in polluted water supplies, but polluted water supplies in civilized communities are largely a thing of the past. Water-borne outbreaks of typhoid fever during the past decade, however, have been shown to have been due as much to laxity in handling water from its source to the consumer as to the use of water from polluted sources. And while chlorination may inhibit typhoid organisms it does not seem to control *entamœba histolytica.*

The Congress Hotel's water supply (the Congress also supplies water to the Auditorium, although the two are separately owned) was investigated during January by the committee of ten under the direction of Wolman. The committee's report, made February 3, did not positively outlaw the food-handler theory, but Wolman and other members have since done so individually, and the committee is expected to do so in its final report. The February 3 statement read:

> From the field investigations so far made, three important groups of structural sanitary hazards were found in both hotels. In order of increasing importance, they are tentatively listed as:
>
> 1. Old and generally defective water and sewerage piping layouts, potentially at least permitting back siphonage of a number of fixtures, such as bath tubs and flush toilets, into water lines.
> 2. Chance breaks in sanitary sewers or heavy overflows of mixed sanitary sewage and storm water drainage in and outside of the basements.
> 3. Cross-connections of serious character between water and sewer lines or between lines carrying potable water and water potentially subject to contamination.

Responsibility? I quote Dr. Ravenel. To McAdam he wrote:

> The conditions in the hotels mentioned are unbelievably bad, although a great deal of work has already been done to better them and complete renovation has been demanded. I will mention only one [cross-connection] — the tank in which water was refrigerated for the eating places and bedrooms on every floor was located in the basement directly under a sewer which carries about 62 percent of the load for the entire Congress Hotel. This was leaking constantly into this ice water tank, and I am convinced that this was the chief source of infection.

To Geiger he wrote:

> . . . I made two inspections of these buildings [the Congress and the Auditorium] . . . Frankly, I have never seen such a mess and did not believe that such conditions were possible in hotels in modern times. I do not know who is responsible for allowing the Congress to run under such conditions, and that is one point on which I am corresponding with Dr. Bundesen.

Responsibility? Bundesen's staff of plumbing inspectors was practically abolished — without protest from Bundesen — by "economy" measures adopted by the Chicago City Council in 1931. Who cared about plumbing as long as the bathtubs had no rings around them and the toilets had lavender-tinted seats? Who wanted to tear down the walls of old hotels to find out how the pipes had stood fifty years of strain or how additional pipe systems had been installed to accommodate additional bedrooms and dining rooms? Who cared where the sewage went as long as the lobbies had tapestries and potted palms and oil paintings and the beds had mattresses a foot and a half thick?

The Congress Hotel is a very old hotel, but every other old city has old hotels. It was A Century of Progress — that milepost of man's conquest of nature — that brought the world to Chicago and taxed the thirty-one different pipe systems of the Congress so heavily that the first epidemic of amœbic dysentery was born.

There is no reason to believe that the Congress was managed any less ethically than other luxurious hotels in Chicago or anywhere else. It is taking the rap for the universal philosophy of maintaining a good front and patching up the places that don't show.

Chicago — including the Congress Hotel — will be as safe from amœbic dysentery this summer as any city in the world; safer. There will be no cross-connections, no back-siphoning, no leaking sewers. But amœbic dysentery is not a closed book. It may appear in Hotbox, North Dakota; Flatville, Louisiana; or New York City. *The Journal of the American Medical Association* has sounded a somber note:

> It is obvious that there are throughout the United States numerous buildings and hostelries with antiquated plumbing. Until such equipment is suitably inspected and brought down to date in accordance with the building and the number of people whom it must serve, there can be no warrant that similar outbreaks may not occur in any place where similar conditions prevail.

Perhaps that statement is an answer to the question of responsibility for the Chicago epidemic. Perhaps the responsibility rests on the native optimism of the human race. And perhaps "optimism" is a soft word for it.

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MASTERS OF MAKE

The Failure of the Capitalists

BY LEWIS A. RILEY

Life is both creator and destroyer. Man might be described as the physical agent of a never-ending struggle to extinguish a desire with a satisfaction of that desire and instantly to recreate a new desire no less vital. We satisfy our hunger with food but only in the hope of new and better appetites. Strenuously we convert danger into security and rush on into new and perilous adventures. As fast as curiosity conquers ignorance we must find new mysteries, or else our mental life dulls down to stagnation.

This inevitable interchange between a desire and its satisfaction takes the form in economic life of the production-consumption cycle. The maker creates, the user destroys; both together in their dynamic co-opposition create wealth. The reality of wealth does not reside in the things exchanged but only in the equality and vitality of the act itself.

Consider this situation in its simplest terms. The makers contribute only half of our economic life; the users activate all wealth, realize all economic value, by consuming what is made. No economic stability or health is possible until the power of the users to consume is as soundly financed and as steady as is the makers' power to produce.

Herein lies the failure of capitalism. We have magnified the power and security of our makers; we have neglected to safeguard our user-workers, whose power to satisfy their needs alone makes wheat into food, cotton into clothing, buildings into homes, money into human happiness. Scientists, bankers, industrialists may spin and carve and mold the elements of earth into whatever intricate shapes they please, but if the products are not usable they are not valuable.

Man's ability to make, his productive skill of hand and brain, is the living half of wealth. It cannot serve any social purpose, however, without its other half — man's ability to use what he makes: his ability to eat food, wear clothes, and live in houses. Take away from man either of these abilities and he will perish miserably. Take from him *everything else except these two abilities* — dynamite his power plants, tear up his railroads, burn his cities, scrap his factories, shove all his gold bonds and stock certificates down the fiery neck of Vesuvius — and within a generation he can replace them all as good as new, yes and better in a thousand major details.

This is but to repeat what we all know but tend to forget in our present misery. It needs reiteration and emphasis because property and possessions, habits and ritual tend to enslave man to *things*, things that persist long after they have lost their ability to serve man and even gained the power to ruin him. We, the users of modern society, established capitalism as a method, owners of tools as the managers, and machinery as the instruments to satisfy our needs. If to-day they do not so operate we need not endure them patiently as if they were fate, thus making ourselves the victims of our own mechanisms. To do so is supinely to admit that the mind which made the thing is inferior to the thing it made.

The idea of the sacredness of property has gradually developed and solidified into the rib-rock of individual integrity and social security. When such a petrification takes place in the economic cycle — whose very existence and reality consists as we have seen not in a safe immobility but in a dynamic interchange — the correction must be drastic, perhaps even a physically violent release which breaks these rigidities and restores the freedom of balanced movement. This correction we now face in one form or another. No turning back or hesitation will long be possible. We may choose the methods, we may change our leaders; but a funda-

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mental readjustment of the ideas of property, profits, and consumer wages is close upon western civilization.

The danger now is that we will forget that a violent reaction, an over-correction that will set our civilization back for centuries, hangs over our heads by a hair. What we should dread most at this moment is a swift return of business prosperity without a fundamental revision in our economic relationships. The longer this readjustment is deferred the more violent its correction threatens to become. To the relief of millions prosperity may now return, but the conditions which in 1926–29 turned prosperity into a gambling debauch followed by a consumer collapse are even worse to-day, as we propose to show in later paragraphs.

What we should dread therefore is a swift recovery which will lull our production masters into a new arrogance. Capitalism has an organic, deep-seated disease, and the alternations between prosperity fever and depression chills leave the patient ever nearer to a final collapse. Nothing that the New Deal has so far suggested offers us a reasonable hope of establishing in the near future a nation-wide or world-wide stability between vigorous scientific production and soundly financed consumption. The best that the New Deal has so far secured for our consumers is an unfulfilled promise of collective bargaining by worker unions and the establishment of minimum wages which still lie below the subsistence level of modern life. It is our claim that there can be no permanent economic health until the present ruinous unbalance between the Masters of Make and their enfeebled servants of Use is radically altered and an equal partnership between them is established.

Before that can be achieved it seems necessary to examine the nature of the disease which our capitalistic masters have induced in our social body. The soundness of any course of treatment is dependent upon the accuracy of the diagnosis.

II

OUR EXAGGERATED respect for productive property is quite a natural outgrowth of the million or two years of our savage evolvement. So long as individuals competed with each other murderously and each consumed his own products, the selfish possession of weapons, tools, and shelter offered almost all advantages. Now that we co-operate, depending on each other in a vast complex integration of individuals, communities, and nations, property ownership has come to mean quite a different thing. It has gained a new function and must adapt itself to a new necessity.

Most ownership to-day is absentee in character or, better expressed, consists of a remote control over social tools. The modern owners of industry do not personally subsist on or make selfish use of any but a small fraction of their "possessions." Contrary to our primitive instincts, the value of "private property" (except for a small proportion of personal belongings) depends on its public use — that is, upon the ability of the public to buy and use its output. A man does not own a factory in the sense that he owns his own house or his clothes. The value of the factory is entirely dependent on its use by the community; the value of a man's house and clothing is strictly personal and depends only on himself.

As an example on a national scale we may observe that only 20 per cent of the profit income of the United States is used by the producer-owner classes for clothes, food, country estates, steam yachts, or other personal satisfactions. The other 80 per cent under the capitalistic system is merely entrusted to their management. Their only use of or connection with such a fund is to specify its investment so as to extend and perfect the industrial tools of society. Contrary to usual ideas, when the producer-owners inflate profits they do not thereby noticeably increase their luxury spending, their personal security, or their happiness. That portion of their income is already provided for. Even in the leanest and most desperate years, the great majority of owners have enough to live on in the sense of enough to satisfy their most luxurious demands on existence. In the lean years and the fat alike there is an excess of profits which must either find productive investment or stand idle as a vast amount of it is doing at the present moment. There is to-day 20 billion dollars of inactive money in our banks. These idle funds were foolishly withdrawn from the wage stream, that is from basic purchasing power, by

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a ruinous excess of profit. Such an excessive subtraction benefits nobody; it merely weakens public demand at the very moment it strengthens private supply. It turns our economic progress chart into a series of ruinous swings between an overproduction and a purchasing collapse.

It is the heart of our argument therefore that private management of productive industry cannot be justified in theory or practice unless it performs this 80-per-cent portion of its ownership duties in such a way as to maintain the purchasing power of its partners, the consumer-workers. If the producer-owners manage their function of profit collection and reinvestment well, the scale of living of the whole nation advances; if ill, all society suffers. In the latter case their position as managers should fall into contempt, and their own self-interest be damaged. The owners' failure in this duty is the failure of any manager, and its punishment should be the loss of managerial power — that is, of "ownership." Unfortunately for capitalism such an automatic penalty for failure in management does not now operate. If it did our *laissez-faire*, boom-crash economy might correct its own evils. As a matter of fact the present boom-crash cycle offers mismanagement not a punishment but a somewhat ironic advantage — that is, an increased ownership of idle property, an entrenched control over the chaos it creates.

The failure of capitalistic management, in the form of excessive profit accumulation, culminating in fairly regular crisis intervals, operates to destroy the small margin of security and wage savings of the consumer-workers and at the same time to increase the already-unwieldy accumulation of productive property in the "possession" of the producer-owners. The process is this: When our production system had had too much profit invested in it and its drive to make and earn interest and dividends can no longer be balanced by the purchasing power of wages, an economic stroke of paralysis occurs. The industrial machinery is now slowed down, wage workers are discharged, and payrolls drastically reduced. This instead of curing immediately doubles the difficulty. The excess of profits (interest and dividends) which brought on the disaster continues while the insufficiency of wage purchasing power deepens into a consumption collapse.

To-day the consumer-workers, their earnings cut from a normal of 61 billions per year to 23 billions, find it necessary to sell such savings investments as they have been able to accumulate and spend the proceeds to keep alive. They bought these investments at prosperity prices, they sell them at depression lows. Who buys these bargains? Who else could buy them but the producer-owners whose excessive dividends and interest, still continuing, cannot now go into new factories and machinery?

Even in these hard times a large surplus of interest and dividends keeps piling up, which cannot find productive investment. The producer-owners are inevitably using such idle funds to take over the savings investments of the half-starved consumer-workers. When the storm is over and the sun of "prosperity" appears again, the industrial owners whose inflation of profits was the cause of disaster will find themselves "punished" for their sins by being put in possession of a large part of the bonds, stock certificates, and foreclosed mortgage property of their consumer customers, the consumer-workers. Such a crazy "readjustment of ownership" as this will make our next period of profit expansion more steep and the resulting collapse of purchasing power swifter and more disastrous. If this were a piece of Machiavellian exploitation by which the owners deliberately increased their security and happiness it would suggest a certain satanic vitality and purpose; but that our society should perish of a blind and stupid greed which benefits no one offers capitalism an exit so sordid and ludicrous as to mock our pompous stupidity.

Some readers may be inclined to regard this criticism as exaggerated. If they will consult the statistical record they will find it even more startling than the above statement of events. It will be observed that mounting profits do not cause any increase in legitimate trade. They gave us nothing but a gambling debauch. The volume of trade increased only with wages and fell steeply with wages. That is to say, honest business waxed and waned exactly as did the mass purchasing power of the consumer-workers. From 1923 to 1929 profits skyrocketed to 220 per cent of normal (1923). Wages had no corresponding rise. The result was an enormous

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increase in productive investment and no corresponding increase in either purchasing power or in the volume of trade. The resulting crash in 1929 further reduced the already-inadequate payrolls, but it did not reduce even the dollar totals of profits *until 1931*. Up to April Fool's Day, 1933, the purchasing power of profits steadily increased to 306 per cent of their 1923 value as wages fell to 53 per cent of the 1923 level and the volume of trade fell to 56 per cent.

We might sum up this "division of national income" during the depression as follows: *the total deficit in national wages* from 1929 to the end of 1933 — basing that deficit on 1923 wages as normal — equals roughly 100 billion dollars. In contrast to this the surplus of profits during this period (again using 1923 as normal) was over 40 billion dollars. These sums taken together, amounting roughly to one half the present national wealth, suggest a major shift in ownership. They suggest more; they offer evidence of the moral and material degradation of millions of self-respecting citizens. In them we find the economic record of the three hundred thousand boys and girls who have been driven from decent homes to ride the railroad freights with the criminally degenerate dregs of society, of the hundreds of thousands in our cities who have eaten from garbage cans. Here in cold figures stands the epitaph of a decaying civilization, a corruption of honor and decency which all the gold since Crœsus could not cure or justify.

This liquidation of the consumer-workers' investments has another phase which threatens to alter the entire position of organized labor. The conservative rôle played by the labor movement in England and the United States, the reluctance of our workers in general to establish a political solidarity or united front, has been the result in part of the workers' faith that the profit-sharing schemes so widely advertised by employers would enable any industrious worker to make himself a gambling master, an investor, so-called. The country has been flooded with propaganda. Here and there this promise of profit sharing has actually been fulfilled. The winners of these lottery tickets of capitalism have been well advertised to their less-fortunate brothers. The folly of this hope is now plain to everyone. This bulwark of the owners against radicalism has been destroyed by their own misguided act. It is writ now where all men can read that there is nothing but despair in such a painful frugality and self-denial, such a patient climb out of poverty into modest security, when every decade or so a depression forces the workers to sell their "security" to the owners at a fraction of the price they paid for it.

Professor Kemmerer of Princeton University describes this situation as follows:

> The most widely held stock in the United States, that of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. distributed among 450,000 stockholders, when the crash came declined from *249* on June 15, 1929 to *73* on June 15, 1933, although there was no reduction in dividends. For the same dates, Pennsylvania Railroad stock of which there were 175,000 stockholders in the autumn of 1929, declined from *95* to *8*. United States Steel, with over 100,000 stockholders, declined from *201* to *23*. . . . The shocks which these declines have given the American people have been terrific. For literally millions the accumulated savings of a life-time have been wiped out.

The reader will note that while these savings were being wiped out the producer-owners were accumulating a *surplus of profits* which could find no productive use, no use at all except to take advantage of the consumer-workers' ruin to buy in American Telephone and Telegraph at 73, Pennsylvania at 8, United States Steel at 23, etc.

Without exaggeration this destruction of worker investments offers the most tragic record of human incompetence in history. No industrial owner outside of a madhouse could have deliberately planned such a stupidity. The amazing part of it is that there is an unmistakable effort on the part of the owners to conceal and ignore these conditions. They cannot be ignored; they have passed their center of stability and unless drastically corrected will of their own weight grow rapidly worse. The economic and social disintegration which they evidence is not static; it is cumulative in its effects and will inevitably involve all of capitalistic society in its collapse. If recovery is brought about without an actual and radical correction of this evil the next boom-crash will be worse if not final.

III

DESPITE THE STUPIDITY and injustice of this record we must stubbornly remind our-

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selves that any workable system of productive management will inevitably require the concentration of authority in the hands of an able few. There is no escape, in an enormous and complex social co-operation such as civilization enforces, from a concentration of authority. We can call our directors "Peoples Commissars," or "Fascist Dictators," or "Private Owners"; the name does not matter. *What does matter is that their control shall not be absolute, shall not extend over both the production and the consumption halves of wealth.* What is needed is an organization of those who use as a check and balance upon those who make. There is equal need of a concentrated authority over Make which will counterbalance any tendency toward despotism on the part of the Users. Social stability demands a balanced opposition between forces. Any absolutism tends to destroy the trial-and-error system by which nature develops life.

Sanely balanced by a consumer-worker monopoly over consumption, productive control might offer no despotism but merely a delegation of social responsibility to competent leaders. If any kind of productive plan or system is practicable, if it embodies an intelligent purpose it cannot dispense with leadership. That leadership however must so manage the production of goods and services as to satisfy the reasonable wants of ninety-two per cent of our people, and it must not merely provide a stupid and suicidal exercise of power for eight per cent. Private ownership of industry is obviously a failure if it cannot ensure continuous public use for the output of its so-called private productive machinery. That means that it must permit ample and steady mass purchasing power in the form of consumer wages. Nevertheless the active organization and defense of this mass purchasing power is a most unreasonable, indeed *impossible* function for the producer-owners to perform. Their self-interest is logically bound up in developing and expanding the creative half of the Make-Use cycle. The management of consumption, the destructive half of value, must be entrusted to those who exercise it and whose lives depend upon it rather than upon the charity of those whose self-interest lies elsewhere.

In developing their production half of wealth the Masters of Make face a tremendously important and difficult task. Our scientific conquest over nature cries aloud for a centralized and efficient direction over the enormous forces it has released. Under capitalism there is no pretence of such a control. We rightly call such a centralized directive authority "monopoly" and frighten our children with the horrid word. Nevertheless the vastness and complications of our mass production cannot long proceed without authoritative, centralized control. Hand in hand overproduction and undernourishment, starvation and waste mock our present system and shame our management.

The natural tendency to establish a central control over industry was early attempted in the form of a dictatorship over price, wages, and goods distribution. Such a dictatorship is an absolute form of control over both production *and* consumption. Naturally it was found dangerous.

To meet its threat of tyranny we offered it not the co-oppositional balance of consumer organization but the stultifying and disastrous check of "profit competition." This enforced competition is to-day the cause of the profligate wastes of our natural resources and the suicidal necessity producers are under to exploit the worker and destroy the balance between production and consumption.

Productive monopolies could be despotic only if they were permitted to pass beyond the mere control of production and usurp control over the whole Make-Use cycle. If the consumer-workers were to establish a practical and unshakable power over their mass purchase and consumption of goods, such a balanced check would render harmless the centralized management of industrial production which we now fear so desperately. It would on the one hand remove the threat of wage slavery and exploitation from the worker and on the other hand it would permit the producer-owners to reform the present conditions of waste, chaos, and human incompetence which characterize, for instance, our coal and oil industries.

Such elimination of the inefficiencies of the competitive system would in itself cut productive effort in half. The dilemma of labor as now organized and no less that of the present railroad administrations and indeed the whole NRA program (in its bewildered conflict of theory and practice) is that this most essential

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reduction in productive effort will cut payrolls, reduce human toil, and increase unemployment. If the consumer-workers, however, had an effective control over mass purchase and distribution and were able to bargain as a unit with the producers for their growing services of consumption rather than for their dwindling contribution of physical toil, the dilemma would disappear.

There is every reason in the world why the savings of the consumer-worker should not be invested in production property as they are at present. We have already discussed the destructive effect which a depression causes on such worker investments. During a period of expansion the effect is equally vicious and even more ludicrous. A strange and ironic spectacle: the wage workers offering their savings to buttress a system whose intensive effort is to increase profit and reduce wage costs. Slaves investing their pennies in heavier chains.

The Masters of Make are themselves the victims of this system. Their only hope of a sane management of production lies in freeing themselves of the chaos of competition. They must be freed to use the tools and powers that science is offering mankind. If industrial life were rationalized and controlled, science might usher in a new age of creative leisure in which man's effort could escape its present excessive absorption in physical and animal satisfactions. Nevertheless such a development of leisure is at present not a promise of freedom but a threat of starvation.

It seems plain common sense that as science reduces the toil necessary to support life the toilers in particular should benefit. Many of us, however, have been led to believe that as machinery is perfected no wisdom or generosity on the part of our industrial captains can save the workers from the fate of unemployment. Recently a purported statement of the United States Department of Labor was broadcast in the press, to the effect that if industry were now lifted to full speed it would require four million less workers to operate it than in 1929.

Such a statement is misleading. It would be true only if we insisted that in that longed-for to-morrow all wage workers must toil as many hours per week as they did in 1929. We had almost 50 million men employed in 1929. Their average working time was well above 48 hours per week. Granting that new inventions have reduced the total toil required to produce goods — reduced it say to 40 million men working 48 hours per week — it is not a difficult problem in arithmetic to accept this reduced total of man-hours yet to alter its distribution into more men at shorter weekly hours. With the same output of goods and a much healthier purchasing power our producers might make the equation read 64 million workers employed for 30 hours per week.

The fact is that any efficiency in management whatever, any increase in labor-saving machinery imaginable can be made socially harmless by shortening the workers' total hours, *provided such shortening of hours does not decrease total payrolls or total mass purchasing power.*

This seems so obvious a remedy that we wonder why employers have fought desperately for years, as they are fighting General Hugh Johnson and his NRA staff to-day, against the shortening of working hours. As a matter of plain fact the opposition of the employers is a blind prejudice arising from our present system of competition for a selfish profit. This system of profit competition has persuaded the producer-owner that he cannot survive unless he reduces his labor costs — below those of the most ingenious and desperate of his competitors. If a rival employs children at long hours and starvation wages a competitor must follow suit or his costs will be higher; he cannot then sell goods in competition with this rival. The whole effect of such competition on the owners as well as the workers is morally degrading and economically suicidal. When we consider that the producer and the consumer, equal and indissoluble, form the economic body of society, the effort of the producers appears that of a snake trying to swallow its own tail.

The truth is that we have managed to perfect a system of productive mismanagement in which individual "success" ensures national disaster. The open effort of every employer in the country is steadily to increase profits and decrease wage costs — that is to say, to increase the private supply of goods and services by decreasing the public demand.

The situation is analogous to that of foreign trade. Exchange with a foreign customer is

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"successful" if we are able to sell him more than he can pay for. The balance of trade, we note joyously, is "in our favor" when we have shipped him a greater value of goods than we are willing to take back in exchange. In like manner domestic production managers receive the plaudits of Wall Street and have their salaries doubled whenever they succeed in producing a surplus of goods and a deficit of labor purchasing power to exchange for these goods. It is an economic Mad Hatter tea party with the consumer playing the Dormouse!

Owners such as those who control the American Tobacco Company, for instance, who lavishly reward their executives for expanding profits and reducing operating costs in the form of farmers' and workers' earnings are to-day draining away the life blood of the nation. If all the corporations in the United States could make an equal "success" of their business management, the purchasing power of the consumer-workers would be utterly ruined instead of half-ruined as at present. No doubt in such case the sheer starvation of millions would quickly produce a violent uprising in which the stupidity of these owners would be corrected in the ruin of our society. The reason the American Tobacco Company is able to continue its present folly lies in the fact that the majority of business firms can envy such "success" but cannot imitate it. Most of our business firms are forced to pay higher wages and more money for raw materials, and in so doing they sustain what is left of the national purchasing power, in spite of the spouting leak in our economic veins which the great tobacco companies and others like them are maintaining and ever enlarging. Meanwhile these tobacco companies sell tobacco not to their own underpaid employees nor to their impoverished tobacco growers but to a vast number of other employees whose buying power has not yet been ruined by such business "success."

This paradoxical conflict of blind greed with enlightened self-interest lies at the very heart and center of our present paralysis. The correction of some of the worst of its effects is the object of the NRA emergency measures. Its permanent cure has not yet been suggested by the protagonists of our New Deal. For this reason it seems essential to restate and clarify the conditions of a production-consumption balance.

It must be understood that this relation is one which applies only to the nation as a whole. An individual business manager or owner does not sell his product or service exclusively to his own employees but mainly to the employees of other business men scattered from California to Maine. He thus makes his profits from consumers who do not directly depend on him for his wages. *The producer-owners of the nation as a whole, however, must sell their product and derive their profit from the whole body of consumer-workers, who have no buying power whatever except that which comes to them as wages and salaries.*

Over the whole of industry, therefore, decreasing payrolls are eventually ruinous to the producer and his profits. Their cumulative and inevitable effects appear to him in the guise of depression cycles of which he individually has little understanding and over which he feels he has no control. We must therefore study these economic effects on a national scale. We cannot determine the circulation of the blood by studying the finger; we must study the whole body.

Under the leadership of science, modern industrial production requires year by year less physical labor to supply society's needs. Nevertheless these needs are constantly being increased and elaborated. The satisfaction of these increasing needs, in the form of consumption goods and services, requires year by year a greater and steadier mass purchasing power. Such an increasing purchasing power must derive from increasing wages, because to-day mass consumption is financed by payrolls. This appears plain when we discover from the statistical record that the consumer-workers are approximately 92 per cent of our population and that the wages which they spend on consumption goods and services equal 82 per cent of the national income.

The law of economic development might therefore be simplified in these words: *As man's brain perfects his tools, physical toil must steadily decrease, while the consumption of goods must steadily increase.* There is an immediate and inescapable corollary to this law in practical terms. *Wages must be adjusted not to a dwindling total of toil but to a growing total of consumption.* Consumer consumption must steadily increase in total, and the length of working hours must

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drop, otherwise we cannot finance the rising scale of living offered us by science. In simple terms, the basic law of economics states, "The toiler must get more for less work."

There is no worker laziness nor immorality involved in this program of more pay for less toil. It is not a scheme on the part of the proletariat to cheat the capitalist and snatch a sinful share of the "unearned increment." All such ideas are delusions of a period in which labor was regarded as the producer's deadly enemy rather than as his only customer. No charity or self-sacrifice is required on the part of producer-owners in maintaining the national purchasing power by such hour shortening and wage increases. It is a strictly unemotional financing of consumption, based on the recognition that to make more goods than can be bought is a ruinous piece of folly.

Looked at from another point of view this situation offers both an opportunity and a warning to organized labor. The emphasis of the present labor movement throughout the world is upon the dignity and importance of manual labor as an element in the production of goods and the ownership of productive tools. The insistence of labor has always been upon a share in productive ownership and management as well as a reasonable security against sickness and accident and old age, all as exemplified in higher wages and savings investments. We have seen how the present system makes a mockery of the workers' hope of productive ownership. As an element in productive management, even as in productive ownership, labor is waging a hopeless fight and exhibiting a deep misapprehension of its proper function.

Labor has as yet failed to perceive its power and importance as the *consumer-worker*, whose economic function of *mass consumption* grows more vital and important as science increases the complexity and velocity of *mass production*. As a mere partner in productive effort labor is rapidly losing its importance. Scientific invention and management is every year reducing labor's *productive* contribution nearer to zero. In another hundred years industrial management may be able to get along with very little manual labor indeed, but it can never get along with very little public purchasing power. In the year 2000, if civilization persists, labor's working hours will probably be cut to a fraction of the present total. Labor wages may also be reduced to a small fraction of the national income. *If the compensation for toil does so dwindle some other form of consumer wage or user dividends will have to be provided as a substitute in order to finance the mass purchasing power.*

There is need, therefore, that our liberals as well as our labor leaders should shift their economic front from that of dwindling toil to that of growing consumption. Labor as a purchasable commodity required in production is being ground between the upper and nether millstones of an increasing population supply and a decreasing machine demand. While organized labor has been struggling against this inevitable tendency, it has neglected its larger function as the mass consumer. Consequently this function of Use, the other half of wealth, undefended and unorganized, has fallen into such paralysis as to threaten the ruin of civilization.

The plain lesson of our disaster is this. Our workers must reorganize as consumer-workers. They must acquire possession of the tools of consumption and develop a consumer banking system whose primary object will be to finance consumption. The answer is not in any form of absolutism, either socialistic or communistic, but in a balance of power between the two natural elements of wealth, between the Masters of Use and the Masters of Make.

In a future issue Lewis A. Riley will discuss the Masters of Use

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SHADOWS

A Short Story

BY BURNHAM CARTER

Drawings by Dorothy McKay

RICHARD PICKED up his skates and turned away from the ice-covered pond to glance up the slope of snow through the wood. A red sun was halfway below the ridge, and its gleam was perceptibly rising along the trunks of the trees.

"I like the frugality of winter sunsets," he said, and suddenly his body stiffened into a strained attention.

Anne was still tying her shoes. "One's feet are so pleasantly released from skates," she remarked. She looked up. "Why, Richard, what's the matter?"

The lean profile of his face barely moved as he answered in a low voice: "Get up very quietly and look where I am looking."

She rose, feeling the cold of the lonely pond leap through her. Projecting above the snow were tufts of tall grass and some fallen branches with a few brown leaves. Her gaze traveled farther on through the trees toward the queer orange light in the west. Then she saw, just as the arc of the sun slid below the hill, a dozen gray patches grouped in front of a rock.

"Richard!" she whispered.

"Wolves," he said.

In the moment's pause, in the quick descent of twilight, the gray patches were gone, without sight or sound of their going, leaving her to stare amazed at the vacant snow.

"I haven't seen that for twenty years," Richard said, still speaking in a low voice. "There haven't been wolves here since I was a boy, and then I only saw one once. It must be this hard winter and the fact that they don't trap them any more."

"Oh!" she said. She laughed and relaxed. Her city-bred sophistication was now deriding her primitive fear. "Could they really have been wolves? Why, Richard, it seems absurd."

"Yes, doesn't it?" His face had a boyish excitement. "Golly, what a sight."

"I hope they had no evil intentions."

"They don't attack. The best thing they do is run. You see, years ago the state put a bounty on their heads because they were killing chickens and pigs and occasionally sheep. The farmers used to trap them. Then they disappeared. Now maybe the cold is driving them down from the north. There isn't any bounty any more, and their fur has no value; so probably no one traps them, and you can't get sufficiently near to shoot them. They must be coming back."

He went to pick up her skates. When he turned around, she was still staring into the trees. "Yesterday I was in New York City," she murmured; "I had cocktails at Pierre's. Richard, are you sure those were wolves?"

He laughed. Adventure added a moment's intimacy to their long friendship. "And yesterday I worked in an office high up in Wall Street. That's why it's so exciting. This is the only wild thing we've ever seen."

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"I'm not sure how near I want to get to the wild," Anne said soberly.

They started back in single file along the edge of the pond, following their earlier footprints in the snow and crossing a long field to the road.

"I think we should tell Marie and Vincent very casually," Anne suggested, "as if we had been fighting wolves, off and on, all our lives."

"We'll almost forget to mention it," Richard said.

II

The lights of the house glowed pleasantly through the pines. They stamped their feet before the door, and when they opened it the winter rushed into the hall with them. Then they shut it out and turned to the firelight and to Marie, Richard's wife, stretched on a sofa in rough tweeds, and Vincent Dane, a friend, in walking boots and a flannel shirt, mixing a whisky and soda on the pinewood table.

"Ah, the skaters with apple cheeks," Vincent said. He spoke sardonically. His lined, somewhat supercilious face was relieved of its shadow only when he smiled.

"We walked seven miles," Marie announced. "Did you have fun?"

"Oh, great fun," Anne said. They stood smiling, stripping off gloves and jackets.

Marie eyed them. "You've been up to something. You look guilty. Richard, I believe you *kissed* Anne." She moaned. "Oh Anne — you, my best friend."

"Yes, I think that's what happened." Vincent observed critically. "Yes, I'm afraid this week-end will just be another triangle."

"Oh, it wasn't as exciting as that," Anne said. "We just saw wolves, that's all."

"Just a few wolves," Richard said.

"When you find it necessary to give me explanations, Richard," Marie admonished him, "I don't expect you to give me ones of that kind."

"Ah, wolves," exclaimed Vincent. "The cold steppes of Russia. You in your sleigh with your wife and servants returning from the ball. The sudden howling of the wolves. Gray shapes across the snow." He declaimed more rapidly. "You lash the whip. Faster, faster. You cut off the lead horse and send him roaming to his death. Faster, faster. You throw out the lap robe. You throw out the servants. You throw out your wife —"

"You wake up with a headache," Richard concluded.

Vincent returned to his business with the drinks. Marie made room for Anne on the sofa at the side of the hearth. The fire blazed warmly and cheerfully.

"This is nice," Marie said. "I am very happy. There's so much health up here. We should come here more often in the winter, Richard."

"That's what you say every time," Richard informed her, "and every time I have to drag you away from your New York dinner parties."

"This is grand," Anne said.

But Marie could not escape the question lurking in her mind: "What about those wolves, Richard?"

He told them. His words subtly changed the easy atmosphere of the room, discharging into it an electric restlessness.

"I think that's the most extraordinary thing," Marie cried.

Even Vincent abandoned his usual satire. "I wish I had seen them," he said.

"You may, still. We'll call on our farmer to-morrow and see if he knows anything about them."

"Not a word to the couple in the kitchen," Marie warned. "They would start back for New York on the next train."

"New York is only four hours away," Anne remarked. "Who would believe it could be so wild here?"

"The jungle is never very distant," Vincent said. "We say to ourselves that the jungle is two thousand years away in time or perhaps two thousand miles in space, but it is always at our hand in any hour. We are savage people still, living in a savage world."

"If you mean our vaunted security is only an illusion," Richard began, but he stopped, seeing Hans, their Dutch servant, hovering in the background.

"Excuse me," Hans said. "May I speak to Mrs. Walcott?"

Marie rose.

"No butter," Vincent said.

She talked to Hans in the hall and came back.

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"There's no steak," she said.

Richard groaned in protest. "Farmer Brown was to bring it over this afternoon."

"He brought it," Marie said. "Emilie hung the package outside of the kitchen door. When she went to get it, it was gone."

There was a curious silence.

Marie broke it decisively. "Well, we'll have scrambled eggs, Hans. Who wants a bath? Supper in fifteen minutes."

III

Conversation at supper was jerkily intelligent, but the words were suspended — held back, like dogs on a leash, from the object of interest. At Marie's sign of withdrawal, everyone responded with alacrity and felt more at ease in the living room, with the consolation of coffee and cigarettes. They spoke at once and freely: "Damn those wolves," Marie said. "Why couldn't you have seen caribou, Richard?"

"I thought you said they wouldn't go near a house," Anne remarked.

"I didn't think they would," Richard replied. "I don't understand about that steak."

"They are probably sitting just outside the window now," Vincent said. "A circle of gleaming eyes and slavering fangs."

"For heaven's sake, go and see," Marie implored him.

He crossed to the window and edged himself between the shade and the pane. He stood there some time until Marie summoned him.

"It's worse than I thought," he reported gravely. "How long can we hold out on the food in the house?"

"Nonsense," said Anne. "Would they ever attack a man, Richard?"

"Years ago once in a great while you heard of it. But not unless the man was down and out — if he broke his leg in the woods and if they smelt blood on him. But they are cowards. They are like shadows; you move toward them, and there is nothing there."

"That is half the problem in life," Vincent said. "The bold front — the assertion of courage — until we find that the foe is weaker than we thought or that perhaps there is no foe there."

"Bravely said," Richard applauded. The others did not respond very well. Anne was querying herself as to where she had heard talk of this sort before; somewhere someone had talked like this of courage. And then with a spasm of anguish she remembered: Neil Morrow, of course, shortly before he died, telling her that happiness was primarily the assertion of courage and leaving her to face, with no courage at all, her desperate longing for him these last six years, her mounting fear of the loneliness of age.

"You call them cowards," Marie was saying, "and yet there is no more persistent legend than the terror of the wolf. Why, the tiger or the lion or the panther is as nothing compared with this beast. At the moment, I tell you frankly that I would consider the roaring of a lion at the door a friendly act."

Richard chuckled. His wife's deft way of lightening a situation by exaggerating its significance was so characteristic of her kind. He came to her support: "That's true. It's a legend. There are stories handed down for years — stories out of Russia, such as the one Vincent so graphically narrated before supper —"

"I didn't really finish," Vincent interrupted.

"It was complete," Richard assured him hastily. "And stories out of the Northwest, tales of the pack, told over isolated cottage fires —"

"But even in stories for children," Anne added, "Little Red Riding Hood and the shepherd boy who cried 'Wolf, wolf.' All the other animals were kind, like the Three Bears, but not this one."

"Yes, but why?" asked Marie. "Those are the legends, but why should it be so?"

"I'll tell you why," Vincent said. His voice wavered from its casual note for an instant, but he brought it back. "The wolf was shadowy, and it was known in all the lands from which we derive; so it became the symbol for fear — the symbol that we had to have."

"Why do we need a symbol?" Marie inquired.

"Because we are always being afraid."

Richard objected harshly: "I'm damned if I am."

"We are trained not to show it," Marie said. "That's all that you mean, Richard. I'm scared now."

"Not really scared. Good heavens, Marie!"

"It's not those wolves out there in the

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snow," Vincent continued. "They don't matter, now that we live close to the cities, with a telephone to bring us what we need. But they are a symbol of the wolves of which we are really afraid — the wolves of our imaginings."

"The wolves of our imaginings," Anne repeated softly. "Yes, what would you say they were?"

Vincent made a gesture with his hand. "I suppose every person would have his own definition. Economic insecurity, for one —"

"Unrequited love," Anne said.

"Thwarted ambition," Richard suggested, thinking uneasily of the days, before his three children came, when he was to write great books.

"Ill health, certainly," Marie said.

No one knew how long the pause lasted, because each one was too busy with his thoughts. Vincent was the first to rouse himself: "Yes, those will do," he said with an effort.

"I think this is a very gloomy conversation," Marie announced, "and, besides, none of those things applies to any one of you. Let's go to bed and be brighter in the morning."

"Breakfast when you get up," Richard affirmed heartily. "And we might walk up Lord Hill before lunch."

A log in the fire broke, and the one above it rolled upon the andiron with a thump. Everyone jumped.

"That settles it," Marie exclaimed, rising. "I'm not going to sit here and get jumpy."

"I'm going with you," Anne said.

Richard joined Marie a moment later. As she undressed rapidly because the room was cold, she heard him fumbling in the closet. He emerged with a rifle and set it by the window. She sat up in bed imperiously. "Richard, what are you going to do with that?"

"Nothing. If by chance I hear a wolf during the night, I may take a shot at him."

"Richard, if you wake me up by firing that gun, I'll have a fit."

"I won't fire it when you are asleep," he promised.

"Well, I'm going to sleep now."

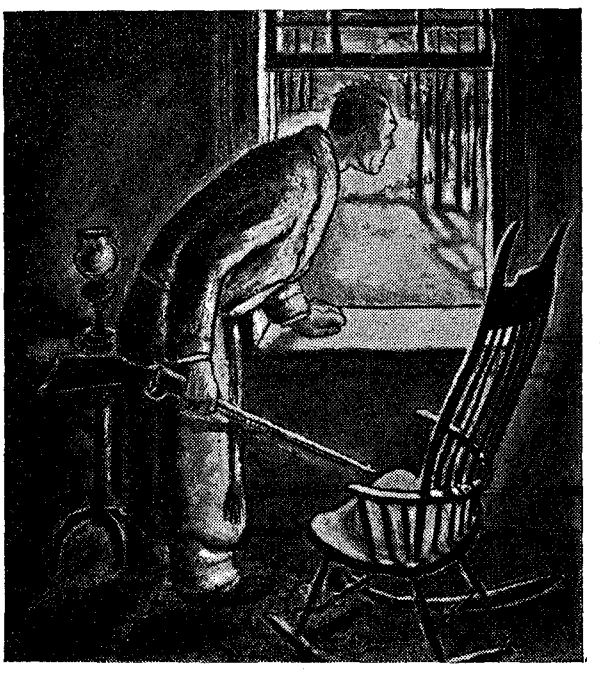
He kissed her. "You're marvelous," he murmured, mocking but sincere. "You're not really afraid of anything."

She smiled. She would not tell him of the menace of her inheritance, about that little spot, at first no bigger than her finger point, that had slowly stopped the breath of her father and her grandfather. She would not think of that now. She rolled over and then back again and resolutely closed her mind and slept uneasily.

IV

But Richard lay wide-eyed in the darkness. It seemed the bitterest irony that he, whom others considered so successful, should deem his success of such slight value; for in a drawer of his desk there was a pile of manuscript that long ago was to be the start of a great career; but the first book had failed, and then the baby came, and he went on and on in business; until he never looked at those scrawled papers any more, reluctant to stir old dreams. It was all right now when his days were crowded with work and his nights with pleasure; but what of old age when he would know he had failed in what he wanted to do, when he would be overwhelmed with his real defeat?

He thought he heard a sound down the hall and raised himself on his elbow, but the dark gave no signal. He lay quiet for a time staring at a sky that was coldly beautiful through the window and imagining how he would have described it in words on paper. Then he remembered that somewhere beneath that sky, perhaps near at hand, a dozen gray patches rested in the snow; and, moved by a curious spurt of



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anger, he rose from the bed, put on socks and slippers and his woolen bathrobe, and went to the window. The barrel of his rifle was icy-cold in his hand. He would like to get a shot at one of them.

But the fields that lay unevenly upon the land were quiet. Nothing moved upon the blurred white stretches or broke the intense blackness of the scattered pines. He was alert for a gray shape slipping over the ridge, but it did not come. Suddenly a square of yellow light fell on the snow in front of him. It was from Anne's room. Probably she could not sleep. She would try to read. It was bad not to sleep. He wondered what thought or worry nagged at her mind to keep her from slumber at so late an hour — she who had always seemed to be an unusually happy and self-sufficient person. He stood there a long time, gazing at the fields, oblivious of the cold, and all the while the light burned on in her window.

Vincent Dane had not gone to bed. When the others left, he returned to the fire and lit his pipe, waiting for the noises of people in the house to give place to the noises of the house itself: the murmur of voices, the movement of feet to yield wholly to the crackle of the fire, the creak of a board, the rattle of a window. The silence of a country house seemed to him all the more vast because of these tiny sounds, as one may measure a tower by the man standing at its foot. He waited for the silence to gather fully about him, seeking to escape as long as possible the engagement which he had with his mind.

At first he was only vaguely conscious of the purpose of that engagement; it was just the name of a thing he had mentioned in his conversation as something to be feared — something that he had suggested casually as an idea that had occurred to him. Now gradually it approached him, forcing him to see the shadow and the shape and at the last to fling up his hand at the fact. The fear of those who were insecure; the fear of those who might not be able to buy their bread! Ah, he was afraid! Perhaps in all the world this was the most common fear, and to him it was the more terrible now, because in the past it had been so far away.

In the four years from 1925 to 1929, he had made a great deal of money; and then in four months most of it had gone; and in the four years since then the balance had dwindled steadily. Now he was hard beset (although he acknowledged it to no one) in a world that he did not understand; there were rules and theories beyond his comprehension; and some of his companions had died and many had failed and many, like him, were waiting to fall. He did not know what to do. He did not know what was going to happen. He did not think he could live by these rules. He was afraid.

He got up and put a log on the fire and returned to his chair. But he could not sit still. He rose again and stood at the window, staring at the fields. Somewhere, outside in the cold, in the snow, the pack was running. "They wait until a man is down," Richard had said.

A dull anger stirred within him at the thought of them. They were the delegates of his dread. They had been hunting him down a long time now. He who had been so strong was haggard with retreat. Well, he would retreat no more. He would meet them, alone, by the black pines, over the white ridge, into the wild resort of their choice.

He bided no more time. He put on his leather jacket, the heavy gloves, and crumpled hat. He took a stick from the corner by the door. Then he opened the door into a light, chill wind and set out across the field.

Marie heard the door bang softly against the frame. But it did not close entirely. A blown wedge of snow held it from the lock, and it swung partly open, wavered, and stayed. There was a minute's pause; and then through the aperture a dark shape leaped without a sound, and then another and another and more, with eyes that gleamed against the light; and halted in the hall, lean flank against flank, the breath rising in a slow cloud from the fangs; then wheeled to the right, on padded feet, with that terrible soundlessness that she knew; until she felt, rigid with terror, the steaming breath upon her face; and heard, unable to move or speak, the chopping of the fangs; saw the yellow eyes looming upon her eyes; and "Richard!" she screamed with all her strength, "Richard! Richard!"

V

He was standing with his hand on her shoulder. The room was filled with light.

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"It's all right," he was saying. "Marie, darling, there is nothing the matter. It's all right."

"Oh, oh," she sobbed, turning toward him. He seated himself on the bed beside her and held her in his arms, and gradually the shaking of her body subsided.

She sat up, wiping her eyes, and essayed a smile. She reached for his hand and felt its chill.

"Richard, you're freezing!"

"I was standing by the window. I couldn't sleep."

"I know. It's those — those animals. We've all gone crazy. Oh, Richard, such a fearful dream."

"It's gone now. Never mind. Let's build up the fire in the living room and make some coffee."

She still held to his arm as they entered the hall. A thin edge of light lined the bottom of Anne's door.

"Do you suppose she can be awake?" Marie murmured.

"Perhaps you'd better see. Maybe she's been pursued, too, and ought to join us by the fire."

Marie knocked lightly and called. There was an answer, and she went in. Richard proceeded to the living room. He was badly shaken himself and was glad to undertake the objective problem of restoring the fire. He had set it blazing and was bringing a pot of coffee from the kitchen when they appeared, wan and a little disheveled, but pretty still.

"You look like a couple of shipwrecked princesses," he declared.

"If Marie hadn't been crying, too, I wouldn't have appeared," Anne informed him bravely. "That's fundamental."

"I would have been crying, if I had known how," Richard assured her. "This night is just a witches' Sabbath. But it's all right now. Wolves won't come near a fire."

"It is certainly better than putting one's head under the covers," Anne said.

The warmth of the fire threw a ring of security around the couch and chairs. Richard poured coffee and passed crackers and cheese.

"It's very good."

"Yes."

"And Vincent?"

"Asleep, I guess."

They sat quietly, letting the tenseness ebb from their minds. After a while Richard looked at them with a quizzical affection. "Well?"

"Well?" Marie said, smiling in response.

"I feel so much better," Anne said.

"The point is," Richard explained, "that we are — the four of us — intelligent, civilized people. We know how to dress, how to talk, what to expect from the world. But we each have a fear, that's all."

"I had one," Marie acknowledged, "and now I look at it very clearly and I don't think there's much in it."

"That's it," Anne said. She stiffened abruptly and raised her hand in peremptory command. "Listen."

"Now, Anne —" Marie began firmly; but then she, too, heard the crunch of snow outside the door. Richard rose from his chair, and the two women sat straight. Then the door opened, and Vincent's surprisingly cheerful voice released them again.

"What on earth are you all doing?" he demanded.

"Well," Marie said, "that's a difficult question. What were *you* doing?"

"Oh, I just went out to look at those wolves."

"That's just it!" Anne cried. "We were bothered by wolves, too — the wolves of our imaginings that you told us about."

"You should have come with me. I had a grand walk. Your firelight across the snow — it was fine."

"And the wolves?"

He laughed. "They are like shadows. You go forward, and there is nothing there."

"I'm so glad you discovered that, too," Marie remarked happily.

"Here's coffee," Richard said, beaming. "Hot coffee."

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A LESSON IN NATIONAL SELF-RESPECT

BY CHARLES H. MELISH

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S vision of social security through a comprehensive national program of old-age pensions, health insurance, and unemployment insurance will catch the popular imagination. In the past four years poverty and suffering have had a devastating effect upon the morale of the nation. But even more destructive is the sense of insecurity which is a grim reality to nearly every citizen who is dependent upon his own exertions for a livelihood. This the President proposes to remove.

Of course there is nothing new in the idea of national social insurance. Twenty-four European countries have such plans, which include every imaginable variation of detail. The oldest of all — the German health-insurance plan — dates back to 1883. We can learn much from European experience but especially can we learn from Great Britain, where social insurance has, on the whole, been very successful. There has been much condemnation in the United States of the British dole, although it is doubtful if most Americans have the slightest idea what the dole really is. The British have made many mistakes from which we may profit. Let us see what the British plan is and how it operates.

II

PARENTHETICALLY it may be noted that health insurance and the provision of old-age pensions present no technical difficulties. Insurance records reveal with reasonable accuracy how often sickness is likely to occur. We can readily determine how many attain old age with insufficient means to provide for their own support. The problem is reduced to the mathematical calculation of the amounts which must periodically be put aside to provide a reserve sufficient to meet future withdrawals.

Unemployment insurance is something else again. Properly speaking, it is not insurance at all; there is no actuarial record. The incidence of unemployment is affected by unpredictable events which have nothing much to do with the law of averages. Insurance actuaries agree that unemployment is not an "insurable risk." The British experts went far astray in their estimates of the probable rate of unemployment on several occasions. For the sake of precision it may as well be admitted that "unemployment insurance" is a misnomer. But it is a convenient phrase by which to designate those funds which are set aside for the purpose of mitigating the hardships of future joblessness.

III

THE BRITISH plan, inaugurated in 1911, provided compulsory health and unemployment insurance for benefit of workers in a few selected industries. In 1925 provision was made, on a contributory basis, for widows', orphans', and old-age pensions. Since 1908 non-contributory old-age pensions, amounting to $2.43 a week (maximum), have been paid to qualified citizens aged 70 or over. Nearly 1,000,000 draw this pension. From time to time the scope of the whole plan has been enlarged until it now includes nearly all wage earners (except domestic servants and agricultural laborers) between the ages of 16 and 65 whose annual earned income is not more than $1,217. Nearly 13,000,000 in an occupied population of 20,000,000 must carry unemployment insurance, and more than 17,000,000 are protected under the health and contributory-pension schemes.

The present weekly contribution to the health-insurance plan is 18 cents, shared equally by employer and employee. The national government adds a relatively small annual contribution. Sickness benefit is paid for a maximum of 26 weeks at the weekly rate

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of $3.65 for men and $2.92 for women. A cash disablement benefit of half these amounts is paid after 26 weeks of sickness benefit. Medical treatment is also provided under a system which has not proven wholly satisfactory. There are various other benefits, including an allowance of about $20 for maternity cases. At the present time the Health Insurance Fund has a substantial surplus.

Weekly contributions for widows', orphans', and old-age pensions are 18 cents for men and 9 cents for women, shared equally between employer and employee. These pensions require a considerable State subsidy. Provided that the husband has made 104 contributions, widows' pensions are paid, at the rate of $2.43 a week plus an allowance for minor children, until the recipient remarries.

The old-age pension is payable at age 65, if 104 contributions have been made. Here again the weekly rate is $2.43, which amount is doubled in case the claimant has a wife 65 years or more of age. These pensions are paid out of the contributory fund for only five years. After that they now become a charge upon the government appropriations.

For adult males the present weekly contribution to the Unemployment Insurance Fund amounts to about 60 cents, shared equally among worker, employer, and the national government. Women and young people pay a smaller contribution and receive proportionately less benefit. The "standard benefit" of $3.71 a week (in the case of adult males) is paid for 26 weeks, provided that at least 30 contributions have been paid into the Fund in the preceding two years. This benefit represents about 35 per cent of the average wage of an unskilled laborer. For each adult dependent, unemployed insured receive $1.95 a week additional and for dependent children 48 cents each. Thus an ordinary laborer with a wife and three children receives approximately 66 per cent of his normal wage. Recipients of benefits are permitted to receive other income not in excess of 81 cents a day which does not result from employment at their regular trade.

The Unemployment Insurance Scheme is administered with admirable efficiency by the Ministry of Labor, operating through a national system of labor exchanges. Every insured worker has an unemployment book held by his employer, who deducts the contributions from wages and pastes stamps in the book as evidence of payment. When a worker becomes unemployed his book is returned to him with a statement from the employer stating the cause of unemployment. The book and statement are "lodged" by the worker at the local labor exchange where he signs the "out-of-work register" daily until he again finds employment. Benefit payments are made by the local labor exchanges after a waiting period of six days. They may be delayed if it can be proved that an insured worker has declined an offer of suitable employment, but the burden of proof is on the State. Benefit payments may be withheld if the claimant has been discharged for misconduct or if he has quit his job voluntarily.

Until 1922 the Unemployment Insurance Scheme was solvent, and due to the fact that unemployment was almost non-existent during the war a substantial surplus accumulated in the Insurance Fund. Then the post-war depression set in and unemployment became widespread. From 1921 on Labor Governments relaxed the rules governing eligibility to the standard benefits, and as the result of political and economic pressure the period during which benefits were paid was extended. The payments were termed "uncovenanted" or "transitional" benefits, and these are what we know as the dole. Under this burden the Fund rapidly became insolvent, and it was supplemented by loans from the Exchequer. Eventually more than half a billion dollars was loaned by the Exchequer to the Fund.

In 1930 the transitional benefits were made a direct charge upon the Exchequer, relieving the Fund of this staggering load. This move and the Economy Orders of 1931, which slightly increased the rates of contribution and decreased benefit payments, quickly put the Scheme on a better financial basis. General business conditions have been improving in Great Britain during the past two and a half years. As a result the Fund is again solvent, and a small part of the outstanding loan has been paid off.

Late in 1931 certain classes of unemployed insured persons who were no longer eligible for standard benefits were granted relief upon proof of need. The administration of this relief devolved upon local public-assistance

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authorities, and the "Means Test," which has aroused such bitter opposition in England, was employed.

IV

In setting up a plan of unemployment insurance in the United States we will do well to note that the British Scheme broke down when it was made the football of politics under economic stress. The Scheme was never intended to do more than supplement savings and other resources of insured individuals during comparatively brief periods between jobs. It was not designed to finance permanent unemployment, and it is highly improbable that any such practical plan could be devised. In Great Britain benefit payments and relief became hopelessly confused. This error has since been clearly recognized, and henceforth the administration of the insurance and the granting of relief will be separate functions. We must make the same distinction in working out our problem. Above all we must decide just what our insurance plan is intended to accomplish and hold to that.

We can hardly hope for as efficient machinery of administration as the British insured enjoy. The very size of this country presents an added problem. And it is unfortunately true that our public servants are neither as capable nor as honest (by and large) as they are in England. We can hope to refrain from applying in its entirety the Hon. Farley's exalted philosophy of political rewards and punishments. We may very well borrow much of the British administrative system, especially the safeguards against abuses.

As the British exclude domestic servants and agricultural laborers from the system (chiefly because the benefit is too great a proportion of the normal wage) so shall we have to exclude our negroes in the South and provide for them otherwise. Taking another hint from British experience we may very well exclude persons under 21 years of age. One serious shortcoming of the British scheme is that it tends to encourage habits of idleness in the young. Objectors to President Roosevelt's program will contend that unemployment insurance discourages initiative and fosters habits of idleness in young and old alike. That has not been the case in England; adult workers are eager for jobs. It is not easy to live "on the Libor," even in England. The amount paid is calculated to support life and health if the recipient exercises the utmost thrift. It is not sufficient to provide even the minor amenities. The younger workers, accustomed to very low wages and contributing to living expenses at home, are inclined to regard their benefit payment as pocket money, to be had without work.

Perhaps some adaptation of the Civilian Conservation Corps project would offer a better solution for our young people.

A great deficiency of the British Scheme is that it makes no provision for what we are pleased to call the "white-collar class." In England and perhaps even more in the United States the plight of this element of the population has been an outstanding tragedy of the depression period. We ought to examine carefully the possibility of including every employed person, whatever his income. In the final analysis the purpose of a program of social insurance is to remove (in some measure) the awful uncertainty of not knowing what will happen in case of lost income, sickness, or the advent of old age without the means for self-support. Whatever the faults and shortcomings of the British program it has at least replaced uncertainty with a sense of partial security. It has provided a means for rendering aid which is measured by a national standard and applied fairly to all comers. And it has accomplished this for the most part without degrading the individual. A vast improvement, obviously, on the haphazard, graft-ridden, costly, and ineffective measures which we have employed in our national emergency.

Some form of social insurance for the United States is inevitable. If we undertake it now we shall be better able to withstand the shocks of the next depression when it strikes, as it surely must. The cost of the vast undertaking that the President apparently contemplates will naturally be tremendous. But we will get for our money nothing less than the recovery of our national self-respect.

To Be Published Soon: "The Roots of the New Deal," by Ida M. Tarbell

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NOBODY LOVES THE RADIO

BY F. C. BROKAW

I AM NOT one to spend much time wielding the cudgels in a lost cause. It is easier to string along with the crowd; so the underdog will usually remain at the bottom of the heap if he depends on any efforts of mine. I have never crusaded for a movement, carried a banner in a parade, or written a letter to *The New York Times*. But lately I have become increasingly conscious of growing annoyance over the gallons of printer's ink and thousands of perfectly good words that have been devoted to the curse of radio.

Does this sound familiar? "I simply won't turn on my radio any more. There just isn't anything worth listening to." Or this? "I don't see how any advertiser can expect to sell anything on the radio. Of all the trash! Nothing but crooners, jazz bands. . . ." And so it goes, the anvil chorus.

This species of squawk is almost too absurd for consideration. Even a casual survey of the programs for the week will show a very fair percentage of fine concert orchestras, the best operatic talent, thoughtful comment on current events and problems, really entertaining dramatic sketches, and (I say it with my chin up and an entirely unusual glint in the eye) top-notch humor.

The whole trouble here lies not with the radio but with the great American public, which is too cussed lazy to give thought to the selection of programs. Your average critic will sink into his favorite after-dinner chair, reach for the dial on his radio, snap it on at random, and then moan in anguish over the fact that a dance orchestra happens to be playing when he is in the mood for something else.

In other words the attitude of this born squawker seems to be that there is some moral obligation incumbent on the broadcasting companies to have on tap just the brand of entertainment that will tickle him at any given instant. The fact that he has devoted no thought to station selection does not count with him. He is not energetic enough to switch the darn thing off, consult the schedule in his newspaper, and turn it on a half-hour later when there is likely to be something that will rouse his brain from its after-dinner lethargy.

SNIPER NUMBER ONE

JUST recently I lunched with a group of business men, and some way or other radio came into the talk. I was not at all surprised to hear the gentleman on my right, a very successful lawyer of indubitable culture and brains, unburden his soul in this manner: "I know one thing: we certainly should have some legislation that would curb some of the awful stuff that comes over the air. Ye gods! Of all the terrible trash, etc., etc." From that point he went on to damn certain specific programs, notably those perpetrated by some of our most notorious crooners and torch singers. Aided by the fact that I concurred in his specific criticisms, I was able to resist the impolite desire to jab him in the thigh with a fork. However I did draw him out a bit on the subject by naming certain radio shows that I thought were worth listening to. In the ensuing conversation it developed that he too had several favorites. He said that he always tried to catch the opera on Saturday afternoon, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Will Rogers, and Stoopnagle and Budd — the last because they are "so damned ridiculous." There were others. In short he *likes* radio. But unless he were cross-examined on the subject it would take a clairvoyant to discover his true state of mind.

IT'S A FREE SHOW

QUITE FREQUENTLY I hear the radio held up to ridicule for its entertainment value

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as contrasted with books, the stage, and the movies. Again the point of criticism seems to me to be bred of stupidity or shallow thinking at best. When books are mentioned by one we will call average critic number two, he is usually thinking of the relatively few worth-while efforts that are published each year. He does not take into consideration the hundreds of books brought out annually which even the publishers themselves admit are purest tripe.

Let's observe number two further. Does he just drop into "any old" movie and take pot luck on whatever picture happens to be on view? Not at all. He probably gets a newspaper, checks the various bills, consults his own likes and dislikes as regards performers, and in short exercises some small degree of selectivity. Where the theater proper is concerned, with its larger requisite outlay of cash, he is even more cautious in his deliberations.

Give him the radio, though, and the story is different. Night after night he will run through the dial in random fashion, punishing himself with anything and everything, listening to programs not aimed within a mile of his taste. The result is he becomes so bilious in his outlook that finding an enjoyable program is virtually an impossibility for him.

The catch in the whole situation seems to be that he pays out his own good money for books, the theater, and the movies and is therefore at particular pains to expose himself only to the best they have to offer. Radio entertainment is free, so he buys a receiver and settles down for an eternity of entertainment, barring the burning out of tubes and other minor inconveniences. And to the gallows with any advertiser who offers him a show that doesn't jibe with his whim of the moment!

The Blurb Menace

Much ado is made over the fact that a sales message is slipped into radio programs, suggesting that the listener try the sponsor's product. This, to average critic number three, is sheer effrontery. It does not seem within his comprehension that the advertiser, having paid thousands of dollars for time and talent, might be entitled to a modest line in his own behalf. An analysis of the average radio program will show that from one to three minutes out of fifteen are devoted to advertising.

As a matter of fact there is nothing to prevent an irate listener from tuning out *all* commercial matter, so I should say that he has the last word, if he wants it. Yet the advertiser, God help him, is regarded as a fearful wet blanket when he dares to interrupt his own show long enough to ask (very politely, too) that you just give him a break and invest a quarter in a tube of his toothpaste.

The Great American Public

There is also the constructive type of criticism as put forward by Mr. Cyrus Fisher in the June issue of The Forum. Specifically Mr. Fisher reasons thus: There are certain abuses in the radio industry to-day. That being the case, he asserts that we need a revolution in the business and concludes that the public must be aroused. At this point I feel that his case begins to weaken. The public is notoriously sluggish and has never shown an inclination to rally round any cause compounded of intellectual grievances.

Mr. Fisher proceeds to elaborate an ingenious scheme whereby the radio public can express its resentment over the cultural indignities to which it is being subjected. There will be a tax, says he, on all owners of radio sets. With this tax will go the right to ballot for the stations which have pleased said owners the most. By simple justice the proceeds of this assessment will be split up among stations according to their ranking in the election returns.

In this carefully constructed plan I find two fundamental flaws. First, the whole proposal is based on the false premise that the bulk of the people in the country is really dissatisfied with its radio diet. Mr. Fisher seems to overlook completely the fact that a radio station faces a problem entirely different from that of a publisher, a moving-picture producer, or a theatrical impressario.

The products of any of the latter may be aimed at a certain stratum of the people. The result of his efforts is a thing which can be shipped out over the country in a package, large or small, and exhibited to the intelligentsia, the morons, the kiddies, the women, or whatever group it was created to please. The scope of distribution is nation-wide, and as a result the sum total of any one group is a sizeable figure.

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The problem of the radio station is another entirely. Reaching a comparatively small area of the country, it finds within its coverage an audience which is a composite of all the various classes. There are a great number of "plain folks," whatever plain folks are. For purposes of discussion let us assume that they are the sort which chews gum, uses cosmetics not wisely but too well, goes to ball games, murders the English language, reads tripe novels and tripe magazines, and thrills to movies that are at once the bane and bread of existence to the professional purifiers of humanity. In addition to these there are in smaller number the citizens whose tastes and pleasures have been educated to a somewhat higher degree of refinement. They are slightly more discriminating and will not like most of the fodder that must be dished up for the plain folks. Over and above all these is a very small but very noisy clique of terrifically cultured persons who will, to use Mr. Fisher's own metaphor, hold their noses over the plain, homely smell of cabbage. They must have intellectual attar of roses, which happens to be very cloying to the middle group and downright indigestible to the plain folks.

But the plain folks predominate in huge majority, and no amount of balloting can make it otherwise. Consider the circulations of the various magazine fields, the sales records of the moving picture industry, *Abie's Irish Rose*, and the fate of most "worth-while" books. I am convinced that Mr. Fisher would find to his dismay that those stations which tried to improve their cultural tone would be at the bottom of the list when the tax mellon was cut.

Air Magic

The annual station popularity contest is ethically very sound. But even supposing that the general cultural level of the listening public is a number of notches higher than indications point, I still fail to find in Mr. Fisher's proposals any specific suggestion regarding the nature of these "better" programs.

He seems to presuppose that the present crop of station men, network executives, and radio producers have up their sleeves a galaxy of cultural entertainment and are awaiting only the promise of subsidy to produce it in truly magical fashion. I do not believe this. Nor do I believe that Mr. Fisher or any of the other dissatisfied knows what form this much-touted "better" entertainment could take.

Frankly I feel that when one considers the staggering problems that the radio producers face they do a rather good job of it. Never forget that they must entertain all of the people all of the time — that is, if they want to escape the squawkers.

A station is on the air from seven in the morning until midnight. That means that for seventeen hours a day it must broadcast continuously, and each minute something new must go on the air. A station cannot rehearse a dramatic skit or play for four or five weeks, put it into the microphone, and then sit back and watch it run uninterruptedly for months. Barring a rare clamor for repetition, it is good for just one broadcast.

I do not mean by all this that I consider the radio beyond cavil. There is much on the air that bores me to death. There is a considerable amount of advertising that is in bad taste if it is not openly offensive. Many sponsors contrive their commercial bits with an appalling lack of freshness and appeal. It is true too that smaller member stations take a murderous cut in their regular time rates in order to get the network shows that they must have in order to exist.

But it is just possible that what bores me may amuse a great many other people. Furthermore, impartial judgment will find that commercials are being blended into programs with increasing skill and ingenuity. Perhaps, too, as Mr. Eddie Dowling urged in the February Forum, the present network domination should and will be broken.

But as far as quality of entertainment is concerned I insist that a pretty fair job is being done and I do not know of any person or group of persons better equipped to improve on it than those already so engaged. If you don't believe what I say, show me such another individual or collection of individuals, and inside of a week I will have two major networks and at least a baker's dozen of advertising agencies competing for their services. I make only one stipulation. The efforts of said genius or geniuses must entertain *all* of the people *all* of the time.

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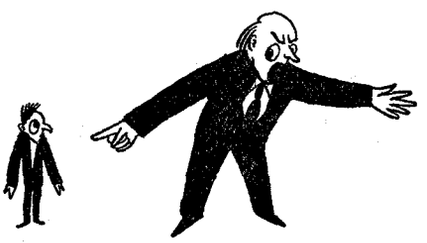
A CALENDAR OF CONTROVERSY

July, 1934

DARROW VS. JOHNSON VS. DARROW

Little Man

WHEN Senators Nye and Borah charged that the "little man" was frozen out under the NRA the President ap-



pointed a board of investigation headed by Clarence Darrow, famous battler for the underdog.

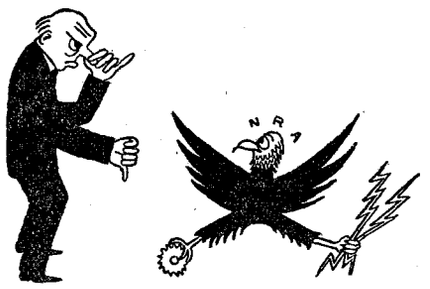
After six weeks the Darrow Board reported that the NRA evidently fostered monopolistic conditions. The Code Authority for the steel industry is "endowed with extraordinary powers incompatible with ideals heretofore entertained in a free country." The freight-rate system inculcated in the Steel Code hastens "the exit of the small enterprise." The Motion Picture Code appears to have been made by "the large producing companies," and it threatens to force the small, independent theater owner out of business. The removal of Sol A. Rosenblatt, Administrator of this code, who refused to testify before the Darrow Board, was recommended. It was stated that monopolistic practices exist in the bituminous-coal industry and it was recommended that the Subdivisional Code Authority in northern West Virginia be dismissed for "malfeasance in office." The codes for anthracite coal, ice, electrical manufactures, rubber footwear, and the cleaning and dyeing industry also received attention in the report.

A supplementary report signed only by Chairman Darrow and Board Member W. O. Thompson pointed out the absurdity of expecting "monopolistic combinations to enforce against themselves a law to prevent monopoly." A choice was indicated between "monopoly sustained by the Government, which is clearly the trend under the NRA, and a planned economy, which demands socialized ownership and control."

The main body of the report was not released until a counter-attack prepared by NRA's Counsel, Donald Richberg, was ready. This stated that the Darrow Board "acted solely on a disorderly mass of unsworn testimony of a few malcontents." Specific charges were denied, some of them as being "simply not true." Sol A. Rosenblatt said the recommendation that he be removed was based on "vicious mouthings, innuendoes, and conjecture of a few disgruntled enemies of NRA."

In a letter to the President, General Hugh S. Johnson termed the Darrow report "superficial, intemperate, and inaccurate." The Board, he said, was "not in good faith." After "a few hours of prejudiced and one-sided testimony" it passed on codes upon which the NRA had spent "days and weeks." "A political sounding board," said General Johnson, "which should be abolished forthwith." As to the choice set forth by the two authors of the supplementary report the General remarked that "this means the choice of the American people is between facism and communism, neither of which can be espoused."

Another supplementary report by John F. Sinclair, member of the Darrow Board, commented unfavorably upon the one-sided nature of the testimony.



Chairman Darrow issued a counter-reply in which he advised Mr. Richberg to "keep in hand his staff of evasionists to steer around the next report," which would show "even worse" conditions. And he made further comment upon the "excited ejaculations" of Mr. Richberg and General Johnson.

Senator Borah, uninterested in the Darrow-Johnson row, said he had facts in his own files which convinced him that small business is being destroyed.

DECISION: *A draw. Darrow's work is discredited by the methods employed. The NRA rejoinder is disqualified because of personal spleen displayed.*

SEA VS. SCIENCE

117

U. S. LIGHTSHIP 117, anchored 40 miles southeast of Nantucket Island to warn navigators of the dangerous Nantucket Shoals, was equipped with every modern signal device. In addition to a 16,000 candlepower light and a blaring foghorn she carried an automatically operated radio-beacon signal synchronized with an underwater oscillograph.

On May 15, steaming westward through a pea-soup fog at the rate of 16 knots an hour, the White Star liner *Olympic*, Captain John W. Binks, picked up 117's radio-beacon signal at dawn. Nearly seven hours later the signal was lost, and the oscillograph detector went dead. 117's foghorn was heard, apparently off to starboard.

Suddenly 117 appeared out of the fog, dead ahead. Too late to veer off, the liner's engines were reversed. Carried on by the momentum of her tremendous bulk the *Olympic* sheared through the tiny 117 as a knife cuts warm butter. The two halves of 117 sank like stones. Boats lowered from the *Olympic* before she lost headway picked up seven men of a crew of eleven. Three were dead. Four others were not found.

A federal board of inquiry which met shortly after the *Olympic* had docked seemed to adduce little evidence of importance. It was alleged and admitted that the *Olympic* habitually steered close to the lightship. It appeared that the radio-beacon signal had failed to function.

When the *Olympic* reached New York on her next westward trip, the U. S. Government suddenly filed a $500,000 libel suit against the vessel. The complaint alleges eleven acts of negligence

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against the *Olympic* and her crew. A bond was arranged from London.

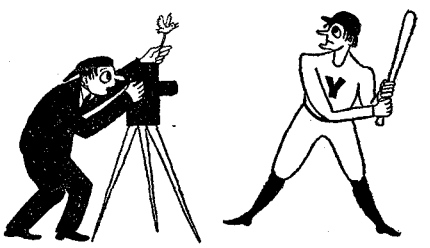
DECISION: *To the sea, unconquered by science.*

PATTEN VS. SUPERIOR TALKING PICTURES, INC.

Or, Frank Merriwell's Last Stand

W. GILBERT PATTEN, better known as Burt L. Standish, creator of Frank Merriwell, that acme of boyish virtue, has attempted to restrain a New York film producer from dragging the fair name of his hero into the movies.

"I chose the name Frank," explained Mr. Patten, "to indicate that he was frank and earnest. The 'merri' part, of



course, speaks for itself, and the last part, 'well,' to show that he was healthy, you know."

The first Merriwell story was written in 1896, and a new one appeared weekly for 986 consecutive weeks until January, 1915. Then the author wrote 415 Merriwell books, published in paper covers. The total circulation is estimated at more than 123,000,000.

Asked if the plots were not all pretty much the same, Mr. Patten indignantly replied, "Of course not; they were all different, except the ball games. You would get the same situation in those now and then."

A Mr. Louis Weiss of the Superior Talking Pictures, Inc., scoffed at the idea of an injunction. "That's the stage name of our star. We aren't putting out any Merriwell stories; we're going to fight."

DECISION: *Reserved until Frank Merriwell comes to bat.*

COMMON SENSE VS. "ETHICS"

"Monopolistic practice"

IT IS A breach of professional ethics for a physician to "dispose of his services under conditions which interfere with reasonable competition among physicians of a community."

Dr. H. Clifford Loos and Dr. Donald E. Ross organized a staff of 55 physicians and 110 attendants and opened several clinics and a central hospital in Los Angeles, California. Families were invited to subscribe for medical services on something like the "Chinese system" at the rate of $2 per family per month, without regard to number of members. Some 50,000 accepted. The City of Los Angeles contracted for medical service for all members of the various city departments.

Drs. Loos and Ross have been expelled from their county medical association, which is now suing to deprive them of their licenses. Their sole offense appears to be their "interference with competition." Their ex-colleagues in the medical association admit that their patients are getting better service than they could get elsewhere. Many of the patients are poor people who cannot afford the ordinary scale of physicians' fees.

DECISION: *Whatever the disposition of the court case, to two pioneering physicians for a common-sense solution of an ugly social problem.*

GENERAL VS. MERRY-GO-ROUND

Libel?

A BRIGHT feature of the New York tabloid *Mirror* and 216 other U. S. newspapers is the syndicated gossip column, "Washington Merry-go-Round," written by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. Columnists Pearson and Allen lost their jobs as regular Washington newspaper correspondents because they had a hand in writing the two *Merry-go-Round* books.

Charging that recently published chatter about his personality and activities is libelous, General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff of the Army, has brought a $1,750,000 suit against Messrs. Pearson and Allen and Mr. Hearst's *Washington Times*, which carries the column. The General avers that he is injured on seven counts, with a value of exactly $250,000 each.

Defendants will be represented by Ferdinand Pecora, special investigator for the Senate Committee on Banking and Finance, and other eminent counsel.

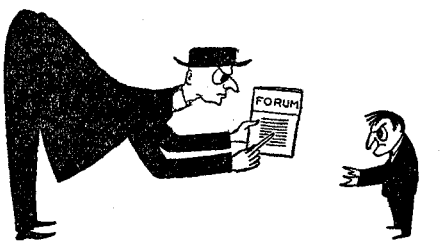
DECISION: *To all Washington correspondents who will reap a rich harvest of prime news and choice anecdotes when and if the case comes to trial.*

BOARD OF ESTIMATE VS. FAMA

Bigot?

AT THE instance of Mayor LaGuardia the New York City Board of Estimate appointed Dr. Charles Fama medical examiner for the City Employees' Retirement System.

Alert Roman Catholic organizations and publications quickly discovered that this was the Dr. Fama who in the June, 1925, FORUM had written a paper entitled "Catholicism Self-Condemned." It was one of a series of four articles on the position of the Catholic Church in America. On the pro-Catholic side appeared Michael Williams, able editor of *The Commonweal*, and Frederick Joseph



Kinsman, one-time Episcopal Bishop of Delaware and convert to Catholicism. The other anti-Catholic participant was the late John Jay Chapman.

In the face of Catholic protest against the Fama appointment the Board of Estimate threatened to reconsider its vote and rescind the appointment. In newspaper interviews Dr. Fama described the whole proceeding as a "Tammany plot." "Of course," said he, "the sole question here should be whether the appointment was made on merit, on professional attainments. Certainly religious beliefs should not enter into it. It can't be said in any case that I am bigoted as I have many friends among the Catholics and the Jews." Dr. Fama stated that he is not an anti-Catholic and has always been a liberal in religious matters.

At its next meeting the Board of Estimate voted, 13–3, to put the case in the Mayor's hands and to have the Mayor make a report on the fitness of the appointee to hold public office.

"The Mayor never ducked responsibility in his life," said Mayor LaGuardia. "His record of religious tolerance is well known. The doctor was selected because of his ability . . . and his standing in his profession."

The Mayor was to report back to the Board any decision he might make.

Then the Board of Aldermen voted, 64–0, to quiz Dr. Fama. Said Alderman Cashmore, "It is the Protestant and Jewish faiths that have been hurt."

DECISION: *To a New York citizenry, guarded by bigot-wary politicoes.*

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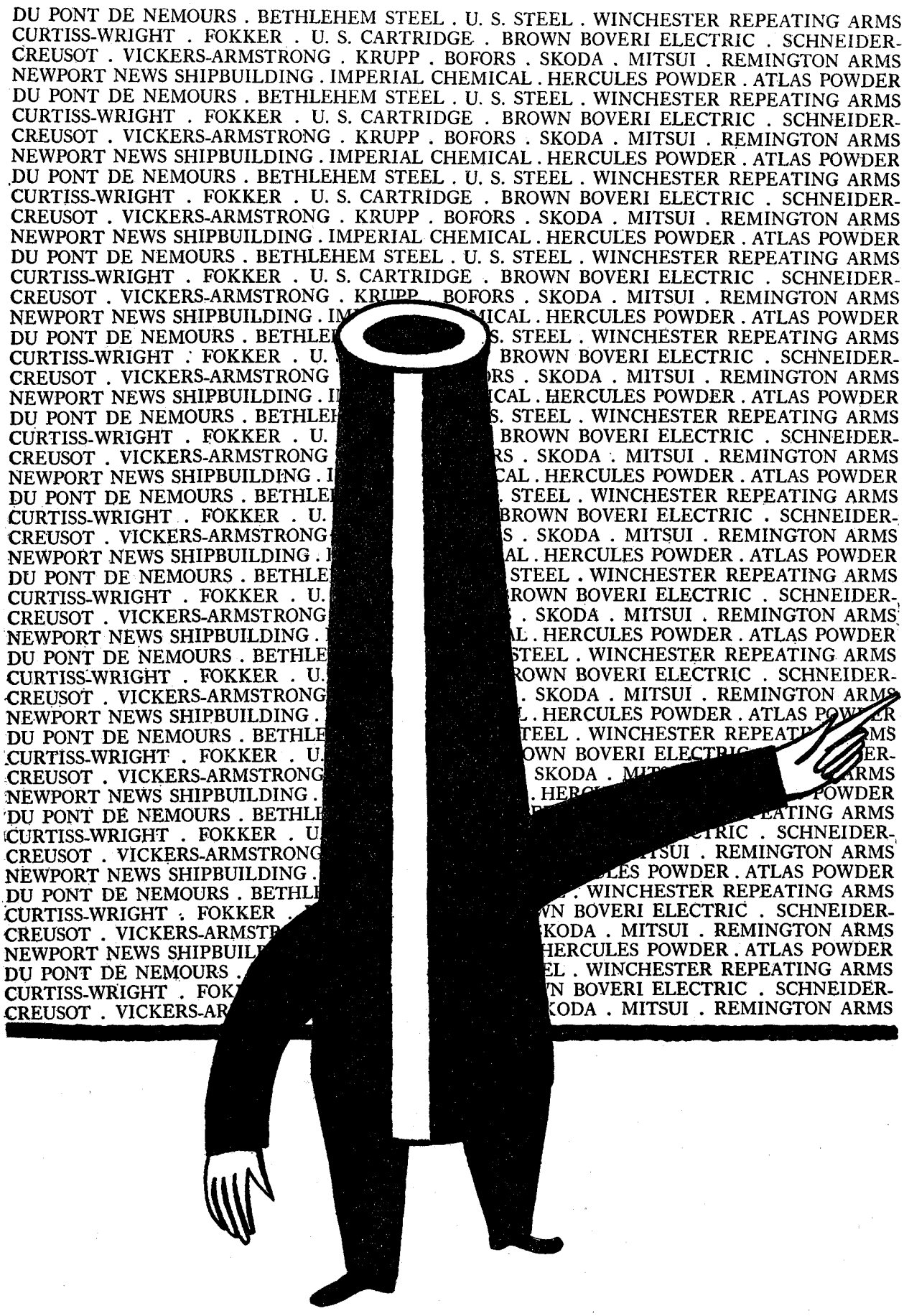
DU PONT DE NEMOURS . BETHLEHEM STEEL . U. S. STEEL . WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS
CURTISS-WRIGHT . FOKKER . U. S. CARTRIDGE . BROWN BOVERI ELECTRIC . SCHNEIDER-
CREUSOT . VICKERS-ARMSTRONG . KRUPP . BOFORS . SKODA . MITSUI . REMINGTON ARMS
NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING . IMPERIAL CHEMICAL . HERCULES POWDER . ATLAS POWDER

"We are the armament makers.

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RIFLES . BAYONETS . BULLETS . MACHINE GUNS . CANNON . SHELLS . HAND GRENADES
SUBMARINES . BATTLESHIPS . MINES . BOMBS . POISON GAS . SHRAPNEL . AIRPLANES
T.N.T. TANKS . TORPEDOES . GUNPOWDER . BARB WIRE . DESTROYERS . DREADNAUGHTS
AIRSHIPS . DIRIGIBLES . BOMBERS . MORTARS . PISTOLS . DYNAMITE . ARMOR PLATE

This is our design for living."

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DO SERVANTS NEED A CODE?

A Socratic Dialogue

PLACE: The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach
TIME: After dinner

Persons of the Dialogue

MARY ANDERSON — Director of the Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, Washington

BENJAMIN R. ANDREWS — Professor of Household Economics, Teachers College, Columbia University

MRS. WAYNE BABCOCK — Director of the Philadelphia Council on Household Occupations

MRS. RICHARD BOARDMAN — President of Scientific Housekeeping, Inc.

DR. MARY FISHER — psychologist at Sarah Lawrence College

EMMA H. GUNTHER — Executive Secretary of the National Committee on Household Employment

MRS. EVA VON B. HANSL — former Associate Editor of *The Parents' Magazine*

FRIEDA MILLER — member of the State of New York Department of Labor

MRS. DOUGLAS M. MOFFAT — Chairman of the New York State League of Women Voters

MRS. PAUL R. REYNOLDS — Chairman of the Westchester County, N. Y., Council on Household Employment

NELLE SWARTZ — member of the State of New York Department of Labor

DR. AMEY E. WATSON — consultant on problems of the home

MR. LEACH. Apparently America has still another problem — the servant problem. I had never heard of this problem until Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote her important article on domestic service ("Servants," by Eleanor Roosevelt, January, 1930, FORUM). Mrs. Roosevelt urged us to give household labor the respect demanded by any other occupation.

When I was a traveling university student in Denmark I observed that all women who engaged in household work — housekeepers and servants alike — were trained specialists, graduates of domestic-service courses in schools and households. Domestic labor was very honorable. Daughters of the nobility thought it a fine experience to hire themselves out as servants in distant parts of Denmark and in foreign countries.

In our country the servant question, like almost everything else, is still topsy-turvy. As far as I know only New York City has a tried and tested and efficient institution for the training both of housewives and maids. This model bureau is Scientific Housekeeping, Inc. Domestics graduating from that school are as well trained as electricians. The women who employ them are experienced and responsible heads of families. The director of that institute, a veteran of twenty years in the crusade for ideal relations between mistress and maid, Mrs. Richard Boardman, is one of our guests this evening.

For years this institution seemed to be an exception to the national rule of general confusion. But order is now emerging in different communities. The Atlantic Placement and Training Bureau has since 1930 turned out 2,500 graduates of a six-week course in household employment.

Opinion on the domestic-service problem is quite controversial. Many believe with Mrs. Roosevelt that servants by and large are an exploited class, that dreary household drudges should be eliminated from the American social structure and cheery technical experts substi-

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tuted. Others feel as strongly that servants are our most highly paid, most pampered social class and that housewives should be protected from their exploitation. No one is a warmer friend of the laboring woman than Miss Nelle Swartz. A colored girl had been with her for years, apparently a household friend. But recently Miss Swartz happened to be home one Sunday and for the first time meekly asked the maid to cook up a little lunch. Result — precipitate resignation and a laugh on the friend of labor. How about it, Miss Swartz? Do women exploit their servants?

Miss Swartz. I have always had a somewhat academic theory on this subject, which led me to believe that housewives did; my own personal experience has been very limited, in that I have never had a servant. For twelve years my home was shared with a very distinguished colored woman, who, even though she did my housework, was in no sense a servant. She came and went at her own will and cooked and cleaned for me because she loved cooking and cleaning. It was her recreation, just as golf is yours, Mr. Editor. For hours at a time she lounged in her boudoir watching the activities on the East River; on pleasant days she sat by the river, indulging in one of her contemplative moods.

Being a busy woman myself and having little time for recreation, I sent her to the movies and to the beaches and to church so that second-hand I might have the pleasures of life.

So, Mr. Editor, while I have accepted with great pleasure your kind invitation to dinner, my theories on the subject under discussion are so completely academic that I fear I have little to offer.

Mr. Leach. We'll hear more from you later, Miss Swartz. We have here this evening some of the leading specialists on domestic service in America. We live in an era of codes, and the National Committee on Household Employment, which has been active since 1928, has recently been studying voluntary agreements between employer and employee. The Acting Chairman, Dr. Andrews, is here this evening, also one of the vice chairmen, Miss Mary Anderson of the Department of Labor in Washington. Miss Anderson, will you start off the discussion?

Miss Anderson. The subject to-night is of course one of the oldest occupations of women — home-making. I brought some figures with me from Washington because I think we ought to know the number engaged in this vast occupation. The census of 1930 reported about 1,500,000 women employed as household workers, that is, as cooks and other servants in private homes. This is the largest single group among all employed women.

Domestic service is probably one of the hardest occupations to standardize. We have had, particularly since the depression, a multitude of people going into domestic service who haven't been in it before, and this has overcrowded the market just as every other

A PROPOSAL FOR VOLUNTARY AGREEMENT IN HOUSEHOLD EMPLOYMENT

Written Agreement

A definite working agreement between employer and employee should be made at time of employment. This should be reviewed periodically, and anticipated variations should be considered. It is recommended that this agreement be a written one, and a copy be kept by both the employer and employees.

Duties

Regular duties should be clearly defined with provisions made for the possibility of emergencies.

Hours

Actual working hours shall be defined as hours of duty during which the worker is not free to follow his own pursuits.

Time on call is that time when he is not free to leave the house but may rest or follow his own pursuits. Two hours on call shall be considered equivalent to one hour of working time.

Hours entirely free, for worker's own personal or business life, is the time when the worker is entirely free from any responsibility to the employer or the job.

Total actual working hours shall not exceed a maximum of 60 working hours a week, or less as agreed upon.

Time off. Two half days a week, beginning not later than 2 p.m. on the week day and 3 p.m. on Sunday, or one whole day a week should be scheduled.

Vacations. One week with pay after the first year's service.

Wages

According to locality. A suggested schedule will be mailed upon request to the National Committee on Household Employment, 525 West 120th Street, New York City.

Overtime

Overtime should be compensated for by extra time off within one month, say for example, a week-end, or by extra pay on basis of "rates per hour for more than 30 hours." Overtime should not exceed 12 hours in any week.

Living Conditions

Comfortable living conditions should include: (a) adequate food, (b) private bedroom, possibly shared with another employee, (c) access to bath, (d) space for personal possessions, (e) adequate heat.

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market has been overcrowded. Whatever attempts at standardization had been made have broken down. The work has been shockingly underpaid, in many cases not paid at all in wages, the women working merely for food and shelter. There are employers who have taken a very unfair advantage of this condition.

Domestic service should be skilled work, as skilled as many occupations in industry. Especially should a cook, it seems to me, be well trained, as we are told constantly that people's health depends upon the food they eat.

As for ironing, which happens to be something I myself can't do, expert ironing certainly needs training. Women may have a talent for one kind of work but hardly for all. You remember the colored woman who said, "You can't expect to have good biscuits and clean corners out of the same colored person."

For household work both employer and employee need training, one quite as much as the other.

Very seldom has labor legislation in any state been applied to housework. In Wisconsin the minimum wage law is now applied to domestic service, and in New Jersey household employees are covered by the compensation law. In other states there are limitations that serve to restrict the application of the law, and in a number domestic service is totally exempted. Aside from these no labor legislation applies to domestic service. Probably there is very good reason for this, as it is not likely that labor laws in general could be enforced in the home.

It seems to me whatever standards are promulgated in domestic service ought to be drafted jointly by employers and employees; these two groups in one community should get together and set up standards that they will stand by in that community. The movement would be voluntary; out of it would come the realization that training and ability and skill are to be reckoned with.

Dr. Watson. I am tremendously interested in the things you said, Miss Anderson. I wonder if we could have a little discussion of what we mean by the word "standards" in household employment, because I find very often employers object to that word and misunderstand, I think, what we mean. I wonder if we could agree that by standards we do not mean standardization of home life, because that would be very unfortunate. We do believe in the expression of individual differences but we believe that there are underlying principles in this relation between household employer and household worker to which all homes that are sound must increasingly conform. We would agree entirely to that, wouldn't we?

Miss Anderson. We would agree entirely on that, Dr. Watson. Practically every home is different and has different problems, so that homes could never be standardized or run with exactly the same ideas, but there can be minimum standards, as you have said, that could be applied fairly generally.

Dr. Watson. I wonder if Dr. Fisher won't tell us, from the viewpoint of mental hygiene in the child as well as the adults in the home, what she feels are some of the minimum essentials in right human relationships within the home.

Dr. Fisher. The effect of the servant on the child is just beginning to be appreciated. Unfortunately, the domestic worker in the vast majority of homes is not only responsible for the biscuits and clean corners, but she often is also responsible for twenty-four-hour care of the child or the children. Usually she is completely untrained in this respect. All of us who have worked with problem children — or with problem adults — know that many of their difficulties go straight back to the unfortunate home conditions and the treatment that as small children they have had at the hands of these underpaid, misunderstood, underappreciated, overworked servants. Too often such servants have to take out their own grievances on the children. From the point of view of human and family values that is the most crucial point of the whole situation. Clean corners make little difference. Unhappy children grow into unadjusted adults.

Mrs. Reynolds. I think one reason women go off the handle so about domestic servants is because the woman of the family, the mother or the mistress, is expected to work twenty-four hours a day. It is her job. If the baby yells at three A.M. she gets up. Many women don't think through the fact that the person they employ can't be expected to take on the whole job.

Dr. Fisher. Leisure and the right to feel

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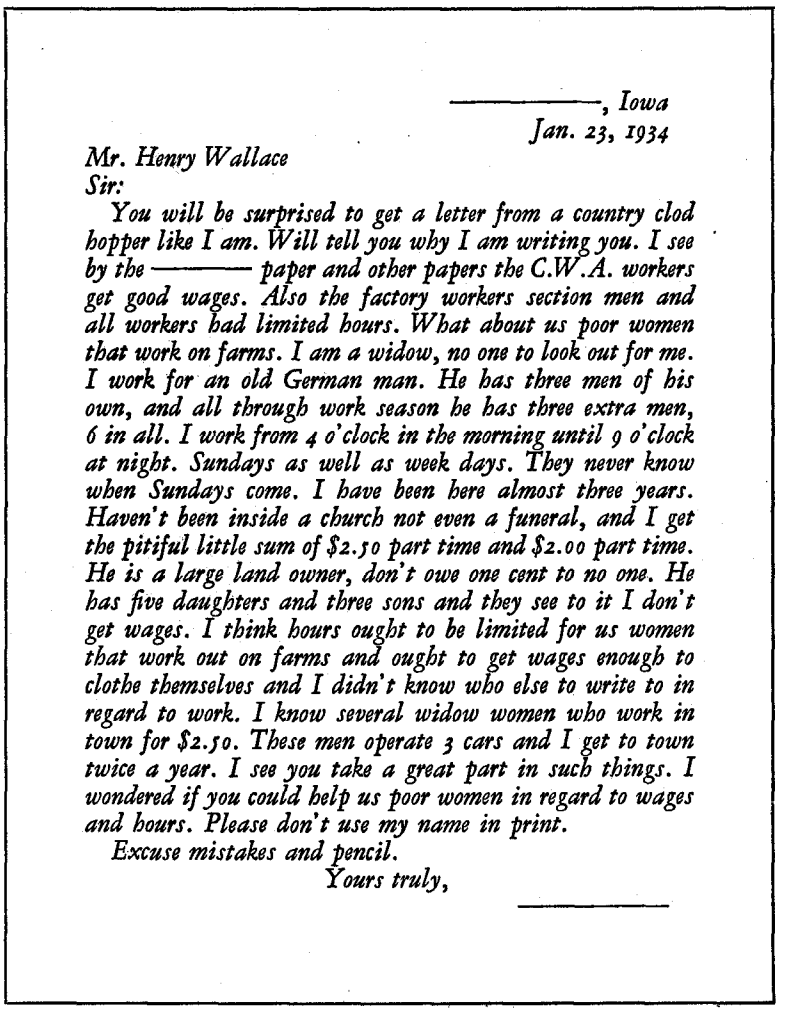
that you have some time which is your own to do what you are interested in doing are basic requirements of every person. What Mrs. Reynolds has said is true — nobody can be on twenty-four-hour duty and still be human.

Mrs. Babcock. That is your first standard, for the household employer to know her job. If the jobs in the home are known and the time it takes to complete them also known — there is the crux of the whole matter. The amount of well-done work an employer can require is dependent entirely upon the time element. Time is not elastic, it will not stretch.

Mrs. Reynolds. May I register a protest about "timing." Timing may work for the handful of trained, educated maids, but for the million and a half spoken of by Miss Anderson it would mean their leaving the job before beginning it. Imagine saying to the cook, "On Tuesdays at 7:43 you take seventeen minutes to get our breakfast, thirty-two to clean the icebox and fourteen more to. . . ."



———, *Iowa*
Jan. 23, 1934

Mr. Henry Wallace
Sir:

You will be surprised to get a letter from a country clod hopper like I am. Will tell you why I am writing you. I see by the ——— paper and other papers the C.W.A. workers get good wages. Also the factory workers section men and all workers had limited hours. What about us poor women that work on farms. I am a widow, no one to look out for me. I work for an old German man. He has three men of his own, and all through work season he has three extra men, 6 in all. I work from 4 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. Sundays as well as week days. They never know when Sundays come. I have been here almost three years. Haven't been inside a church not even a funeral, and I get the pitiful little sum of $2.50 part time and $2.00 part time. He is a large land owner, don't owe one cent to no one. He has five daughters and three sons and they see to it I don't get wages. I think hours ought to be limited for us women that work out on farms and ought to get wages enough to clothe themselves and I didn't know who else to write to in regard to work. I know several widow women who work in town for $2.50. These men operate 3 cars and I get to town twice a year. I see you take a great part in such things. I wondered if you could help us poor women in regard to wages and hours. Please don't use my name in print.

Excuse mistakes and pencil.

Yours truly,

———

Letter from a farm domestic

Mrs. Babcock. In the initial interview an employee is told the work that will be required of her — it is explained that this may vary; but if she is efficient and completes it thoroughly in a shorter time there is no reason why she should be put to scrubbing floors or ironing afterwards.

Miss Anderson. No.

Dr. Andrews. But the free time is part of the contract, isn't it?

Mrs. Babcock. The free time is very much part of the contract; it is very definite.

Dr. Watson. Isn't there one important thing in this new relationship we are talking about that we must keep clearly in mind: namely, that it is a contractual relationship and not a personal one. It seems to me that there is here an important difference that many women have not yet begun to realize and understand. Our relations to our husbands and children of course are personal, and we still think of our servant as a personal relationship, but if we really feel that this is a labor relationship which should be put on the same level as other labor relationships then we are going to say this is really a contractual relationship and that there should be, if possible, a written agreement at the beginning of the employment relations so that there is a clear definition of tasks and hours and living conditions and other specified agreements. Would you agree, Dr. Fisher?

Dr. Fisher. Yes, indeed, only we must make sure that it is a civilized personal relationship within a contractual relationship. In the home it can't be on a purely labor basis. The home, if it means anything, means that there can be personal, friendly relationships. Any household employee who is outside such a personal relationship is immediately going to be at a great disadvantage.

Mrs. Hansl. Let me read you a portion of a letter I have just received from a former houseworker who was with me for nine years.

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Dear Madam:

Would like to know if you would be likely to have something where they have a smaller home.

This is a large place, 12 rooms, floors waxed on entire house, even kitchen. Cooking and serve meals frequently to ones wanting to stay in bed, washing and ironing all but large flat pieces and shirts.

Then too I do not care to get in on anything such as keeping bills hid so that her husband will not see them. That is what I was told to do with one which is now $40 and over for her husband would raise the devil with her if he knew it. She said I also have to wait two weeks for my money and expect to be put off, as so many others are. They come to the door and want their money.

Neither does she seem to realize that she only has one doing her work and that she has no butler. All she can do is lay in bed and ring her bell unless she has company. She has breakfast in bed every morning and sometimes lunch and dinner. If she has anything wrong with her she don't do what her doctor tells her to do. She and the daughter both stayed in bed a week with Pinkeye. She kept the room darkened but read with electric light. Then she talks about her eyes being so much worse than her daughters.

I have held on to the place and tried to do what I could and as good as I could on account of being up against it the way I am.

However they don't tell everything at first nor do they the first week.

I will be in to see you Thursday afternoon if you can advise me I will appreciate it a lot.

Very truly,

Letter from a suburban domestic

She is a most intelligent, well-educated German girl with whom I had frequent discussions about labor problems in the home and with whom I worked out many of them. This is what she writes: "Run a home like an office or a factory? You mean to come in the morning, go out for lunch, and go home in the evening, nobody cares where? It wouldn't be a home — for me! I want someone to notice, to CARE whether I come or go!

"If I can't have a home of my own with my own husband and children to love me, I must live where there are people I can love . . . people to whom I mean something; people who like me, who care if I live or die. I must feel that I am a person — not just a piece of machinery. If a home is to be as impersonal as a factory or an office, I won't work in one any more. Then I will study stenography, become an office boss, and get away from all the hateful pots and pans!!"

She speaks not only for herself but for a group of her friends, all high-minded, well-educated young German women of the highest type, when she says that: (1) there must be regularity of hours; (2) they must feel that they are human beings with rights that are observed as a matter of course; (3) that there exists a warm, friendly relationship between employer and employee, a fine blending of the personal within the business relationship. Given these things, they will rise to any emergency, to any sacrifice of self in the service of the family.

DR. ANDREWS. I think that is the most important thing that has been said yet. I think there is a discovery there that at least we haven't been aware of, or many people haven't. But you have to create a business relationship in terms of which this area of freedom and loyalty and respect —

DR. FISHER. And appreciation —

DR. ANDREWS. Can be built up.

MRS. HANSL. You were talking about the time element, Mrs. Babcock. May I come back to that? Of course, we all know that homes are nothing more than centers of emergency. Dr. Lilian Gilbreth, a few years ago, you may remember, in the course of The Homemakers' Conference at Teachers College, had us all keep a record of one day's interruptions. We pinned a long piece of paper on ourselves and wrote down the interruptions as they arrived, WHEN we had time to record them. There never was a funnier document. No novelist could have thought up the interruptions that had come into the lives of a group of ten women in one day! If you talk about the time element in the household, therefore — if you are going to pay so much for so many hours of work, you have to allow for the unexpected, don't you? And how are you going to do that? Is it possible to take into consideration this margin for interruptions when you are making an agreement between employer and employee in the home?

MRS. BABCOCK. We have allowed in any schedules we drew up two hours for the emer-

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gencies of the day, because in having students study it out over a two months' period, the unexpected interruptions average two hours daily. I have had the Temple and Drexel students work that out. You may schedule, but in a house with children or invalids or the man at home all day you must never schedule more than six hours of work per person, because two hours are already filled with emergencies.

MRS. REYNOLDS. But it would only work for the maid paid by the hour. The maid who lives "in" must pay in labor on Monday and Tuesday for her freedom on Thursday and Sunday.

MISS ANDERSON. That is a very interesting point of Mrs. Babcock's.

DR. FISHER. That is like the budget — full of emergencies which must be counted on.

MRS. HANSL. I didn't expect it to be as much as that!

MRS. BABCOCK. That includes telephones and bells.

MISS ANDERSON. And calls.

MRS. BABCOCK. I would like to add with regard to what you said about the German girl, that by direct experience and in interviewing colored people who have worked as single workers in a home, which ordinarily is a lonely job, they are much more apt to stay where there are children, and even though they do for those children through the night or through emergency periods, the children hold them, because there is perhaps a little more brilliance to their day with these little people about, and they do for them from choice.

I understand what we are working for. I don't mean to let down on the idea that we must not have nurses continuously on a twenty-four-hour day, but in many homes where there is only one worker, her recreation consists of the children of the household; whether rightly or wrongly, she is content.

MRS. REYNOLDS. I don't believe she is really content without her time off. She's human after all.

MISS GUNTHER. I was wondering, Mrs. Boardman, in your experience of directing Scientific Housekeeping how the comments made by Mrs. Hansl apply — the personal satisfaction of a job.

MRS. BOARDMAN. The satisfactions of domestic service depend on morale. In our institute we insist on the responsibility of the mistress as firmly as that of the maid. The housewife is not an individual; she is an employer. Our institution teaches the mistress of the homes in which our graduate domestics are placed how to conduct her home as an employer should, with a social conscience. Mutual respect and forbearance are essential. When snags occur, the mistress as well as the maid is privileged to refer the problem to us. Our bureau arbitrates and adjusts. Our representatives regularly supervise the homes of those who wish it. Each household is an industry in miniature. Our program has worked so well for twelve years that I recommend similar laboratories of appeal in other communities; they can be set up as offices in women's clubs or bureaus in the Y.W.C.A.

MRS. REYNOLDS. Is there a nine-hour day or six or seven-day week?

MRS. BOARDMAN. In principle, both. The same standards of morale apply as in industry. However un-uniform all American standards of industry may be, they do recognize a seventh day of rest, they do observe time out for lunch as fundamental principles. Like industry, private homes served by Scientific Housekeeping sometimes give a full seventh day. It may be Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday as the client elects, but this arrangement is never exacted. Improved morale can prevail on the old system of two half days a week, which is what is being done in over fifty per cent of Scientific Housekeeping homes to-day.

MRS. MOFFAT. It seems to me there must be elasticity in homes in cases of illness, both the girl's illness and the family's illness. I don't know whether you could include that in the contractual relation or whether you could make some special provision for it. It seems to me there has to be some elasticity there.

MISS GUNTHER. To turn a moment to a question debatable among groups of homemakers, with whom we have been having conferences in the field — isn't there a twofold conception of home-making, that which involves housekeeping techniques on the one hand and on the other those right relationships that make a home a center of real living? Frequently one hears the statement that the effort to put the home on a sound business basis and to recognize merely the concrete and

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102 Parrow Street
Orange, N. J.

Miss Frances Perkins
Secretary of Labor
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Perkins:

We are much interested in finding out if there is a possibility of effecting a Domestic Employee's Code. . . .

The object of our organization is to see if there can be any plan worked out that will limit the working hours of the domestic employees so as to not have them working from 12 to 16 hours per day.

The progress of our business depends largely upon domestic employees. The present conditions in household employment are a detriment to our success. We are desirous of having a plan arranged that will concur with the hours under which we now have to operate our business, which are from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., and only two days in a week can we remain open any later, and those days are Friday and Saturday, when we are only allowed to remain open one hour longer, and must close at 8 p.m.

Our organization is made up of Beauty Shop owners, and operators, and covers quite an extensive territory, that is, practically the entire state of New Jersey, and we are all confronted with the same condition.

We shall appreciate any recommendation, plan, or consideration that you may be able to arrange to assist us, in the above matter, or any consideration that may be shown.

Thanking you in advance, and awaiting your reply, we are

Very truly yours,

State Hairdressers and Beauticians Assn.

We want a code

tangible things leaves no place for those intangible values. To talk of putting the home on a business basis patterned after industry is challenged by some groups; among others the question often arises — do not these relationships between household employers and employees involve similar factors of hours, duties, and privileges to those in industry, and hence ought not the basic principles of industrial relationships be adapted to the home?

Miss Swartz. I was going to ask when you talk of putting the household service on the basis of industry, just what do you mean?

Miss Miller. What is your concept there of the industrial relationship? I think that is what Miss Swartz and I are curious about.

Miss Swartz. I am curious to know what your concept of an industrial relationship is so it could be adjusted to a home.

Mrs. Reynolds. You can have, of course, your basic thing of hours and your basic jobs.

Miss Swartz. You don't have basic hours in industry, unfortunately not.

Miss Miller. We just turned down somebody who wanted credit for being on the minimum wage when he made his employees work seventy-four hours in his laundry last week.

Mrs. Reynolds. (exclamation)

Miss Miller. I mean you are making an alternative there which is purely hypothetical and I think it is too bad for your own discussion to juxtapose these two things, when the thing you think you are comparing it with is not a reality.

Miss Swartz. It is most theoretical, and when you talk about relating your household service to industry, if you look upon industry as efficient, well that is just another danger.

Mrs. Reynolds. She is just being polite.

Miss Swartz. If you think household service is inefficient, so also is industry.

Mrs. Hansl. But isn't every effort being made to put all industry on a definite hour-week basis?

Mrs. Watson. There is a real difference, though, isn't there? There is a reality in the thing we are talking about because you do have it in almost all states, a labor law which does set up a standard. It may be that standard is violated, but at least it is there.

Miss Miller. No, that standard is a very partial standard. That standard does not even as a law apply to every type of industrial employment. It doesn't apply to both sexes. It applies in varying ways for varying limitations to different types of employment, and that not on a scientific basis but on the basis of what you can get through a legislature. So that you are using a measuring rod which is not for its own purpose a satisfactory one against which to set up an ideal condition. I think what Miss Swartz and I both have in mind is to warn you not to look upon that as a measuring rod, not to seek to find in that as established a jumping-off place, but rather to posit your problem in terms of its own internal necessities.

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MRS. BABCOCK. If we can't measure by industry, to draw back to the time element, which is dear to the hearts of some of us, let's instead make the measuring stick limited hours. I do not say eight hours; some have nine hours, some ten, some sixty hours a week. Let us as employers set the basis of just human fatigue. We know that production decreases as human fatigue increases after eight hours. We measure the hours not by industry then, but by fatigue, because fatigue becomes so great the person can no longer function efficiently. Let's take that as our ideal. If industry doesn't limit hours, we will, not by the day, because that is not practical in the home, but by the week.

DR. FISHER. Just what is the "fatigue point" in housework, does anyone know?

DR. ANDREWS. Before it begins!

MRS. REYNOLDS. Isn't it really in a sense a publicity problem as far as the employers are concerned? I suppose every job has three elements — the money reward, the people you work with, and the job itself. I should hate to take a job myself that didn't have two of those things and I wonder if we haven't got to think of people employed in households from that point of view, from their getting those satisfactions. Of course, the question of hours is included in the job. I can't see the thing; it may be because I am not progressive enough in my thinking; I can't see the work of the person who lives in the house done by the day as far as hours go, because households are emergent things. I can see it perfectly in hours by the week, but I think we have got to give the people who live in our houses the satisfactions that we ourselves would ask from any other kind of a job we took.

That question of human relationships which you brought out so well, Mrs. Hansl, is the thing which gives the ordinary servant the feeling of importance and the feeling that life is worth living because she is part of the job, isn't it? I think she has got to have that or else the monotony of the job is intolerable. That is a difficult thing to conquer.

MRS. HANSL. Perhaps we women have ourselves to blame if we cannot find the right person to help us maintain our homes. If we want them to respect their work, should we not respect it more ourselves? (Let alone know how to do it!) Haven't we college graduates of the last twenty or twenty-five years, perhaps, had our thoughts so much on "higher things", bent our energies so much in the direction of opening vocations to women *other than* housework, that we have developed a sort of contempt for the lowly things of the domestic life? If we have, what can we do to restore to women a truer sense of values, to improve, generally, the quality of home life in America? What *must* we do to put our own house in order?

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SOME CRY CHAOS

An Answer to "The Young Man's Dilemma"

BY J. H. TOMPKINS

Masochists are people who enjoy sensations of pain. Whether there is such a thing as an intellectual masochist I do not know, but there is a kind of person to which the term should be applied. I refer to those hapless lads and lassies whose chief business in life it is to deplore the lot of their particular generation. Their laments may be identified by an argument blaming the difficulty on the preceding generation.

Intellectual masochists were the young writers of the immediate post-war years who fondly called themselves The Lost Generation. Of the same breed, apparently, is a new class of young people sired by the Great Depression. A prime example of the brilliance with which they are thinking is offered by one Dan W. Gilbert, writing in the June issue of The Forum. It is called "The Young Man's Dilemma."

The orphans of the depression shed their most lustrous tears over three salient tragedies. The first they have learned from painful experience: it is hard for a young man to get a job. The second is an hitherto unknown truth brought to light by their own peculiar genius: there is corruption in our public and in our private life. The third is the most crushing blow of all: there is no magic formula by which the first two can be painlessly resolved. Mr. Gilbert has added a fourth, but this is (as he quite fails to perceive) his own personal tragedy and nobody else's, for it has to do with morality.

It would be easier to sympathize with young persons who feel as Mr. Gilbert says he does, were it more apparent that they grasped the essential causes of the difficulties with which they are surrounded. Their situation is unfortunate; on that point there can be no argument. But it is hard to be moved to more than pity for people who cannot understand the root of their distress, who cannot turn in the direction of a solution they desire, who abandon themselves to meaningless hysteria. This is a dangerous state for any people; it is an alarming state for a people whose boast has long been the stoic independence of its individuals.

Mr. Gilbert's characteristic state of mind is best told by himself: "But one cannot rebel against chaos . . . To get out of it requires sustained application of energies and intellect, not merely a blinding burst of angry passion and prejudice. The young man of to-day . . . wants to go forward but he does not know which way is forward. . . . Hence, he sits still, waiting and hoping that the impenetrable fog . . . will clear" . . .

Mark these lines well, for they go far to expose the essential weakness of the author's reasoning. Whence is going to come this "sustained application of energies and intellect" to clear the fog? Obviously not from Mr. Gilbert, for on his own admission he is sitting still, "waiting and hoping" that somebody else will clear it for him — probably God.

Mr. Gilbert is not going to have any part of social or economic reform which may be put on trial in the present crisis. Young men, he says, are too desperate for jobs to think of anything else. The old system must be given new life, "at least during this transitional period until something better can be evolved." This is a natural attitude and understandable. It is, in substance, what the country's leaders are apparently trying to do. It is hard to criticize. After all, the machinery of the old system is still ticking feebly and enabling most people to maintain a precarious kind of existence. And those more precariously situated do not appreciate the logic of immediate reform.

Frightened Young Men

Let us assume, then, that passage of time and frantic resuscitation of the old system have given for a while a reasonable economic

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security to the now-jobless young men. What guarantee have we that they (now become the backbone of the economic nation) are going to preserve this security for the young men to follow them? What assurance is there that they will not perpetuate rather the erratic system under which they are temporarily thriving? What evidence that they have ever been wiser for their experience in 1930, in 1932, in 1934?

Certainly there is no such evidence in Mr. Gilbert's rambling discourse on What a Frightened Young Man Should Know. His thesis has nothing to recommend it except an intense distrust of a number of things which it is well to distrust. He is cynical about the unsocial economic individualism which he dimly realizes is responsible for his present plight. He is shy of communism, which he correctly diagnoses as merely a dictatorship of a peculiar variety and a fairly dull prospect at best. He is disgusted by the liberalism which has produced chiefly a wasteful and inefficient bureaucracy.

When he has reiterated several times that all these things are bad and when he has arrived rapidly nowhere at all, he stops, he weeps bitterly, meanwhile moaning softly to himself, "Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings." He then releases a kind of frustrated fury in vicious and silly remarks on the morals of that notorious but lately inconspicuous institution called The Younger Generation, excepting notably from his broadside that paragon of all the virtues, Dan W. Gilbert.

In this denunciation he reveals a neurotic obsession at once disgusting and pitiful. Life must indeed have been hectic for him as a student, for he declares that "the serious-minded young man who found in his college days that he couldn't get a date unless he packed something on the hip and couldn't keep her unless he worshiped with her at the throne of Eros . . . cannot but doubt the blessings of the 'new freedom' . . ." The young man of to-day, he says, "knows from experience that the trouble with youth now is too much sex freedom, not too little! He knows that the average young woman (and the average young man) at the age of twenty-one has had so many companionate marriages that she is entirely unfit, temperamentally and psychologically, for a real marriage."

It is tempting to dwell at length on this and other dogmatic generalities but it should be enough to say that Mr. Gilbert maintains also that "the last vestiges of Victorianism have virtually disappeared from the American scene"! Mr. Gilbert is the author of *Crucifying Christ in Our Colleges*.

Thus unable to reason through to any conclusion at all about the problems that beset him, he has found an outlet in denouncing the morals of his contemporaries — a familiar refuge for those who are troubled by things they cannot understand. Sometimes the refuge is not in denunciation but in an enthusiastic kind of experimentation — and this was the case with the famous Lost Generation, noted for its discovery and perfect illustration of the principle that war does nobody any good.

Running Down the Formula

It should be clear that Mr. Gilbert is not a sound thinker, that misguided fanatics of his type are not much more than misguided fanatics — certainly nothing like the human material for a new order, if a new order is anything more than a mirage.

Their greatest trouble is that they are looking for a formula. If they cannot find a way of conducting the world expressed in a word — democracy, socialism, communism, fascism — they assume that what they want is not to be attained. They neglect the probability that they will be distinctly worse off doing nothing than pursuing even an impossibility.

This negative attitude is bad for them, and it is worse for some other people. There are few enough individuals at large who have an inkling that the machinery is out of order, without the added misfortune of half these individuals being afflicted with sodden disease of the brain. The sheer stupidity that does not recognize even the primary problem is easier to cope with than that.

But to say there is no hope is to be fatuously cynical. It is to ignore the obvious fact that the earth is going to sail serenely on among the planets; that a few persons are going to be sailing with it; that being possessed of certain organs of sensation these persons are going to try to make it as pleasant a place as possible.

In this frantic, futile search for a formula it is forgotten that underneath any system by

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which human affairs may be conducted are the individuals who compose it; that the system itself has little validity outside of its components; that no system can be better than these individuals, but that some can be worse because they favor the perpetuation in power of a few who may be below the general average in intelligence. It would seem obvious that the sound course to pursue is to give the race a break — accept the premise that it is slowly growing a little wiser, a little more farsighted, and modify the rules under which we live so that these tendencies, if they exist, can get a little air and sunlight.

Corruption and inefficiency there will always be (as far as we in 1934 are concerned) in public and private life — as long as there are corrupt and inefficient people in the world. We may hope that their number is decreasing; we may run our affairs best to take advantage of that decrease, if it is a fact; meanwhile we may recognize what is slowly emerging as an economic truth, that our present form of capitalistic economy is not only somewhat corrupt, it is stupid; finally, we may do something about this.

To pursue Utopia by advocating the scrapping of the profit system, so-called, and the practice of the pure essence of altruism is ridiculous. The profit system is the only "system" under which the race in its present state of blessed imperfection can get along, and there is no such thing as altruism. The latter is the practice of intelligent selfishness, but it is a nice word.

Modern capitalism, however, is stupid because it is unintelligently selfish, and this is not because its aim is to make profits. It is because it presumes that the profits accruing to a single individual may be used to make more profits *ad infinitum*. There is a certain point at which this assumption ceases to be true; that is the point at which the energetic individual in question no longer has any material desires to satisfy. The continuation of his attempts to profit beyond this point is evidence of his stupidity, for he chokes the land with productive machinery and its products, while his less-shrewd fellows have nothing with which to buy from him and thus continue his profits — now useless to him in any event. Thus does he kill the well-known goose with that efficiency for which modern enterprise is famous.

Progress by Trial and Error

To recognize and face these facts it is not necessary to be a revolutionist in the common sense of the word. They are not to be remedied by a single master stroke, without repercussions more serious than the present evils of which they are the roots. It is well, indeed, to have a vision of the world as we would like it, but who can say by what means the vision is to be attained? Every human being is guided through his life by his own reactions to experience already known; in short, he lives by trial and error and again by trial. He cannot foresee the errors of the future until he tries the new experience, and that is why it is dangerous to advance with a preconceived formula for living. But humans collectively have made their lives what they are to-day, and they can make them another way to-morrow.

It is to be feared that many of the despondent young men of to-day are congenital futilists. If so, their only solution is a retirement into isolation, to a solitary hermitage. They will never be happy in a populated medium. Such retirement is indeed for some people an excellent way out of their problems. So for that matter, for other people, is the jump-in-grab-and-hang-on procedure. But neither is any solution of the social question because there are neither enough hermitages nor enough spaces at the trough to go around.

If any great proportion of young men has to-day reached the breaking point through economic strain and psychological dislocation and is on the point of giving way to terror and despair, then indeed the future is dark. The starving, the jobless, the insecure commit strange crimes in the name of self-preservation and out of fear. But it is to be hoped that they, however full of the common failings of young men, have one solid resource on which to fall back — an endowment of courage.

Finally, will the Gilberts of 1934, if in 1936 they find themselves at last free from the specters of joblessness, forget the years when they were less complacent? Will they remember those years long enough to make an effort, at least, to prevent their recurrence? Their recurrence, perhaps I should say, from the same causes. To hope for more than that is possibly to ask too much of progress.

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GOOD HEALTH FOR EVERYBODY—II

BY INNES H. PEARSE AND G. SCOTT WILLIAMSON

Scissor cuts by Hunt Diederich

THE EXPERIMENT of the Pioneer Health Centre which we described last month in THE FORUM was but a preliminary inquiry, carried out for the purpose of discovering certain facts which would better enable us to push on into a wider field of public health, personal hygiene, and social integration. As such it was successful, and we propose to set down at the outset of this second paper a number of facts, conditions, and circumstances which came to light during our work with the first Centre and which are to form the basis of our further endeavors. These are the things we learned:

1. That the individual and his environment are inseparable.

2. That welfare of the child demands integration of the family. As a corollary, any attempt to develop the health of the child demands an organization capable of promoting family welfare.

3. That parents (that is, the adult members of the artisan populace) are fully prepared to submit to periodic medical overhaul and eagerly avail themselves of any advice gained through this means.

4. That continuity of endeavor can be secured through the interest of the people in their own medical-social club. No ulterior motive is necessary for its maintenance.

5. That the periodic medical overhaul of individuals over 25 years of age brings to light the fact that a very large proportion of individuals (over 90 per cent) is suffering from frank disease.

6. That in the normal course of events this disease at present remains untreated. It gradually and imperceptibly (over a period of years) lowers the vitality of the individual, who, besides finally being incapacitated, becomes irrevocably injured by the results of the protracted illness.

7. That such disease is usually amenable to adjustment when discovered at the periodic medical overhaul.

8. That through an organization such as the Pioneer Health Centre the onus of the detection of ill health is removed from the patient, who is ignorant of the nature and also often of the presence of the disease, and placed in the hands of the doctor, who is trained to carry that particular responsibility.

9. That any organization which makes possible an annual medical overhaul of average people affords the medical profession free access to disease in its earliest stages. Only in this way can the maximum value be derived from medical skill. This applies not only to early cancer but to many conditions less prominent in the public mind.

10. That up to twenty-five years of age, although disease is not present to the same degree, the individuals are largely the victims of devitalization both physical and mental.

11. That the individuals suffering from all these disabilities are anxious to remove them, but the means to do so are not available for the artisan.

12. That in youth there is present a latent source of power lying idle for want of opportunity to emerge. This power can be used in the cause of health. If it is not so used it is liable to become the source of disease both in the individual and in society.

13. That whereas the old-established practice of curative medicine demands therapeutic measures, the practice of personal hygiene demands the power to prescribe exercise for the development of latent potential.

14. That such prescriptions have a greater market value than drugs, for beside being medical requirements they are also in the nature of pleasures not otherwise obtainable by the artisan.

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15. That the artisan populace has spare money which is at present expended on such amusements as exist in the district. With these it is frankly dissatisfied.

16. That, given the opportunity, the artisan is prepared to spend his spare money in taking responsibility for the maintenance of his own health and that of his family. He is eager for responsibility but does not find a satisfactory field in which to exercise it.

II

APART FROM THE foregoing facts we also discovered through the preliminary inquiry certain valuable information concerning organization. The first point of importance was the knowledge that the scope of the first Pioneer Health Centre was too small to embrace the entire family. The adolescent, future parent of our children, could not be provided for. The Centre did not afford a wide enough and sufficiently varied field of exercise for the functions latent in the growing child and adolescent, yet the adolescent too was an integral part of the family and helped to make its environment. This restriction rendered nugatory much of the medical work we attempted on the older children of the family. Adolescence, a period of extreme importance to the educationalist, as it must also be in the development of health, could not be exploited by us in the cause of health for the simple reason that we had no equipment for this work.

The second point of importance in organization which we were able to determine through information gained during the preliminary inquiry was that *health cannot be enjoined by the assistance of charity*. In that case, what of the practice of preventive medicine, infant welfare, and so on? True, these have not hitherto sought to develop health but rather to prevent disease. But, we must ask, can any endeavor to prevent disease run the risk of fostering irresponsibility in the individual?

This is not a matter for us to decide. The State and charity have already assumed responsibility for infant-welfare work and for ante-natal clinics. Some boroughs proffer free protection against infectious disease such as diphtheria. Free milk and free drugs are a commonplace. Swiftly there is coming the demand for free advice on birth control.

The necessity of keeping vigilant watch over the workingman's last prerogative — the responsibility for maintaining his own health — must never be forgotten. It is possible, whilst giving palliatives with one hand, simultaneously to rob a man of his health with the other. This is a real danger.

We are now only on the threshold of the practice of personal hygiene. Its formal application is as yet undetermined. The first principle upon which it must be grounded is that *health demands responsibility*. The workingman must support his own health organization.

Experience gained through the Pioneer Health Centre has already shown us that we have no excuse for ignoring this principle. The workingman is eager for the enterprise. He is willing to pay for it. On what is this statement based? It is founded on the fact that in the preliminary inquiry each member-family joining the Centre paid the small sum of sixpence (about 12 cents) per week as a membership subscription. In fact experience taught us that we had made this subscription too low, even though the benefits we were able to extend were not all that the practice of personal hygiene demanded. Many a mother and father volunteered the information that the subscription should have been double that amount.

Both the desire of the artisan to take responsible action for his own health and the spare money for him to do so are present. Our responsibility as medical people and organizers is to find the organization that will make this possible. How, then, has this responsibility been met?

We had to go forward. A new Pioneer Health Centre is to be built. It is to be planned on the same lines as before, but it is to include all those elements that were lacking in the first tentative experiment. It will therefore be planned on a large-enough scale to fulfill the two requirements that were conspicuously absent in the first. These requirements are: (1) scope for exercise of latent potential in the individual and (2) the means of lifting the organization out of the category of charity.

We have shown that the biological unit of humanity is neither the individual nor the community. It is the family. Thus the substance of our organization as before will consist of a focal aggregation of families drawn at random from the surrounding neighborhood. As before, each family will be attracted to

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participate in the organization by a desire for its own health.

Periodic medical overhaul and, incidentally, acquaintance with the medical staff of the Centre as before will constitute the first steps in membership. This condition, binding upon every individual of a member-family, will be regarded as an expression of the seriousness with which membership is to be undertaken and without which all endeavor is useless.

As before, our main efforts will be directed to the child. For biological reasons we have shown that the home (that is, the parental circle) is the only environment in which we can look for the healthy development of the child. The roots of the child must be deep in the midst of the family. We have therefore to keep continuously before us the necessity for integration of the family. Membership in the Health Centre, determined upon jointly by both parents, brings the circle of parental activity within our reach. Thus the Centre becomes literally part of each home. From this point we can begin our work of tending the soil in which the young seed is to grow up.

III

THE READER should not be surprised to find gathered together under one roof in the new Pioneer Health Centre many things with which he is already familiar. We propose to make use of all those items of proved value in developing the individual which are already in use in social work. There will be a reading room; a hall for debates, music, singing, cinema; a stage for dramatic entertainments; gymnasium; swimming pool; dance floor; billiard tables; and so on. As well as this there will be a garden with as many opportunities for sport, exercise, and games as space may permit.

First of importance among these will be the reading room. Here the first to come will be the young girl and boy attending the secondary school. Home is often small and overcrowded, and the possibility of finding a quiet corner in which to read or work is small. This we can provide. The young people, once accustomed to the use of the reading room and reference books before they leave school, will look forward to the time when, as wage earners and free agents, they can discard their schoolbooks and come with the book of their choice in their leisure. By this time they will know the tutors who preside in the reading room, for daily there will be a man or woman of good education in charge of the books of reference, the quarterlies, and so forth. This individual will by his or her own love and knowledge of books stir enthusiasm for reading and at the same time afford just the help necessary to direct the less knowledgeable reader.

In the reading room, though there will be an ample supply of books of reference, there will be no library in the accepted sense of the word. This is no oversight. The provision in working-class districts of public libraries well stocked with books of varied order is so good that it would seem superfluous to duplicate that service. What is needed is the stimulus to read, to inquire into, and to study subjects at the time when enthusiasm commands the attention of the young people. And the reading room is a field in which easy contact can be made between individuals of very different cultures. Contact of this order is difficult to achieve in urban districts, where the classes live so completely segregated a life.

Out of the interests aroused in the study corridor we foresee arising spontaneously the legitimate demand for lectures, demonstrations, debates, poetry and dramatic readings, plays, music, and so on. To meet these needs there will be a lecture hall adjoining the reading room.

Physical health has to be developed. On the physical side the provision of gymnasium, swimming pool, dance floors, and a garden in which practice for all forms of sports can be carried on will also be made in the new Centre.

Those engaging in each activity will be formed into a series of intramural clubs — for example, a swimming club and a chess club. Into these intramural clubs each individual, subject to his needs and inclinations, will be drafted by medical prescription at the time of or subsequent to his medical overhaul. Within each club graded and balanced teams will measure their skill and progress with each other. Thus for example in the gymnasium

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during the evenings and on holidays the members of the gymnasium club will meet in batches to carry on the exercises desired by each member and prescribed for each by the doctor at the medical overhaul. This exercise the young people will enjoy. Membership in an intramural club will be a pleasure, and each individual who is a wage earner will willingly pay an additional weekly subscription for membership, apart from the family subscription to the Centre.

In the afternoon the gymnasium will be used by the school children, again according to the prescription given by the doctor. In the case of the school child, however, the use of the gymnasium will be a privilege derivative from the family membership subscription without further charge: the child in fact is still the responsibility of the parents, who will pay for his development through the means of their weekly subscription. In conducting the swimming club the principle will be the same.

This aspect of endeavor will be continuously fed by contact with the more skilled among the members, by contest with outside clubs, and by the amateur who will come and exhibit his prowess and spread the infection of his enthusiasm in the club. This will be made possible in some measure by the provision in the Centre of a first-class pool in which special attention has been given to the planning of lighting, heating, ventilation, and cleaning, as well as to the depth of the water.

Swimming is an activity well adapted to develop the physique of the child and to promote disciplined endeavor. Native children are often able to swim before they can walk, and there seems no reason except lack of opportunity why all children should not do the same. At the Pioneer Health Centre there will therefore be an infants' swimming pool separated from the larger one. Parents will be able to enroll their children in the swimming club, with the concurrence of the doctor, at eighteen months to two years of age.

IV

In the new Centre there will be no dragooning of the members nor any compulsion brought to bear upon the individual to make use of the opportunities that avail for him. The organization will not depend upon subtle inducements, material or moral, to take part in the life the organizers desire to see established; for if we set out to work upon biological principles we must look for free growth in every possible direction.

Will the individual therefore come under no discipline? Our answer is that achievement will be expected of the growing child. Biologically there is no achievement without ordering of the bioplasm. Order implies discipline. It is the highly organized (differentiated) species that has achieved supremacy. Man, by timely response to every deadly element in his environment, manifests in his person order beyond anything his own intellect can yet comprehend. This ordering has emanated from an intrinsic power of selection and rejection in response to stimuli from his environment — from a discipline intrinsic in origin and spontaneous in operation. From such considerations as this we must infer that order is the implicit sequel of free biological growth, and indeed it follows from our own definition of re-spons-ibility — a *balance* maintained through the answering back to every stir in the environment. For us therefore there is no contradiction between spontaneity and order. On the contrary we anticipate order as a result of free growth but we look for harmony in diversity and not monotony in uniformity, as the basis of discipline.

For the organizers this means that in any individual the expression of a desire to act is to be accepted as the intention to achieve skill in that direction. But achievement is to be had as the result only of self-discipline willingly and consciously accepted as the condition of attainment — a principle well known and practiced by the athlete. Thus if a boy wants to swim he cannot swim only when the whim takes him. He must join the swimming club and take his place in a group of swimmers graded to match his own skill.

So far so good. In suitable environmental circumstances the development of order or self-imposed discipline may be expected once the urge to achievement has been felt. How, then, even when a rich environment has been provided, are we to be sure that the desire to achieve will be aroused in our members? Again we turn to biology. We propose to make the Centre a focus of infection for each specific activity carried on there, for there is nothing so

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infectious as the sight of someone absorbed in some activity.

To begin with, we propose to people the Centre with a nucleus of "doers," — amateurs and others — all led by their own enthusiasm to carry on their activities in the Centre. With such foci of infection in our midst, we expect action to become endemic in the Centre if not in the neighborhood.

Now to ensure the regularized operation of the susceptibility to infection the new Centre has been planned in such a way that all the activities are carried on in full view of all the members. The swimming pool is placed in the center of the building, and is flanked by corridors from which the swimming can be watched by everyone not otherwise occupied. The same is true of the dance floors. They are laid down in the center of the main lounge hall. By this means every individual of a member-family is constantly brought into easy contact with every sort of activity: he is subject to a daily temptation to venture upon some as-yet-untried enterprise. We foresee the possibility in such circumstances of fostering in the child the habit of taking advantage of opportunity, of launching out whenever possible. We know from experience the child who grows up with the habit of refusing all new experience. Why should the reverse not be possible? Habits acquired tend to persist.

V

IT MAY BE SAID that all the measures we propose to use are timeworn educational devices which even on the showing of our preliminary report have not provided the necessary response in the individuals for whom they have already been available. Our answer to this is that they have occurred only sporadically and in relation to the community as the social unit. They have been set down without reference to the intimate lives of the people invited to use them; that is, without relation to the functional unit — the family. There has been a girls' club here, a company of Boy Scouts there, a mothers' meeting in the church school, an evening institute somewhere else — all unconnected with each other and without reference to the family life of the individual they cater for.

The main social feature of the new Pioneer Health Centre will be a large central hall with a self-service cafeteria in which all members of a family may congregate with their friends. Here all can sit and talk, read the paper over a cup of coffee or a glass of beer, and watch the dancing or other occupations of the younger folk. Accessory to the main hall are the corridors from which the swimming pool can be seen. Here the mother and father can sit together and watch their children in the water. The latter, sufficiently separated from their parents to be untrammeled, afford an interest and amusement for the leisure of the former. This applies not only to swimming but to all the activities of the younger folk. Thus out of the medical necessity for developing the individual there arises a family and social integration also. This arrangement provides scope for families functioning to the fullest capacity to move freely in the Centre, infecting the less vigorous with their own health. For the principle of infection to operate there must be opportunity for social life within the club. We cannot make the individual act but we can bring before him the example of healthy action, knowing full well its infectious nature.

In the first Pioneer Health Centre we drew families from as wide a social circle as existed within our district. In the new Centre we expect to do the same. As well as close contact of the organizers and medical staff with the members, there will also be the amateurs interested in the activities which form the basis for each intramural club. Thus a natural intermixing of people of varying cultures will take place through the Centre. Opportunities to mix freely and at ease in all strata of society are necessary for the health and full development of every individual no matter what his education. It is no less necessary for the social health of the nation. There are all too few fields in which there is any possibility for such co-operation in modern life. Each section of the community lives closely segregated within its own class, and the barriers in no way lessen as money holds increasing sway. We cannot begin this work in a district where the community is a

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mixed one. We must begin with what is at hand and work gradually toward a fuller social co-operation. It must be borne in mind that there can be no greater incentive to social integration than health.

VI

THE FOREGOING is but a rough sketch showing how the new organization is to be equipped to permit of the practice of personal hygiene. We come now to the second new feature of the organization. The new Pioneer Health Centre is to be self-supporting.

How is the money necessary to form such a Centre to be forthcoming?

One of the objects in running our preliminary inquiry was to find out how much spare money weekly was available for our use. We succeeded in coming to a very fair approximation of the average family income * and the spare funds which can be utilized for health purposes. We know that each family can afford and is willing to expend at least a shilling (about 25 cents) per week as a membership subscription. This is one source of income. A second source is the weekly subscription each member will pay for membership in the special intramural clubs he joins. Knowing the amount of spare money in the family we think it reasonable to anticipate another shilling a week per family from this source.

In planning the new Pioneer Health Centre it was largely financial considerations which determined the scale on which to work. It was necessary in extending the organization that it should not be allowed to grow so large that personal contact between member and staff and member and member would be impossible. Moreover the organization clearly had to remain restricted to a limited geographical area, so as to become part of the civil life of the district in which the member-families must operate. The maximum number of families we could undertake to make provision for was 2,000.

We have seen that there is two shillings per week per family available from each member-family. For 2,000 families this represents an annual income of £10,000 (about $50,000). Moreover, each wage earner, other than the parents, of a member-family will himself become an associated member paying his own membership subscription. This should bring in a minimum additional sum of not less than £250 (about $1,250). The relative cost per head of running an institution such as we visualize diminishes considerably as the number catered for grows larger. We estimate that the Centre could not be run on an economic basis for less than 1,500 families. Thus from financial considerations alone our building had to be planned to accommodate 1,500 to 2,000 families.

There are, however, other considerations to be borne in mind. We set out with the idea of making a scientific inquiry to guide us in the practice of personal hygiene. For scientific and statistical purposes a working number of less than a steady 1,000 units is useless; 1,500 families would probably yield a steady thousand; 2,000 would certainly yield 1,000 permanent member-families and leave ample margin for families who leave the district and others who replace them.

Both economic and scientific considerations thus led us more or less to the same conclusions as to how our plans should be laid. From our computed expenses we have found that we have a reasonable possibility of covering the running costs for the number of families suggested and indeed that there will be a margin of some £1,000 (about $5,000) *per annum* for the repayment of the cost of the building. In making this rough estimate we have not included income derivable from the cafeteria or from such things as the sale of beer, cigarettes, and so forth — items proverbially profitable in themselves. These afford a good margin to cover unavoidable error in necessarily rough estimates.

It is important to emphasize once more that medical reasons force us to devise a public-health organization which shall be self-supporting and not what has come to be called charitable. If we can achieve the running of a self-supporting health organization for the workingman we shall already have set foot on the threshold of a new order of things. The service we seek to establish is a new type of medical service — the practice of personal hygiene. It appropriately demands new methods. These are to be the subject of our researches in the full experiment now in hand.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The income of the average member ranges from £2–10 (about $12.50) to £4–15 (about $23.75) weekly.*

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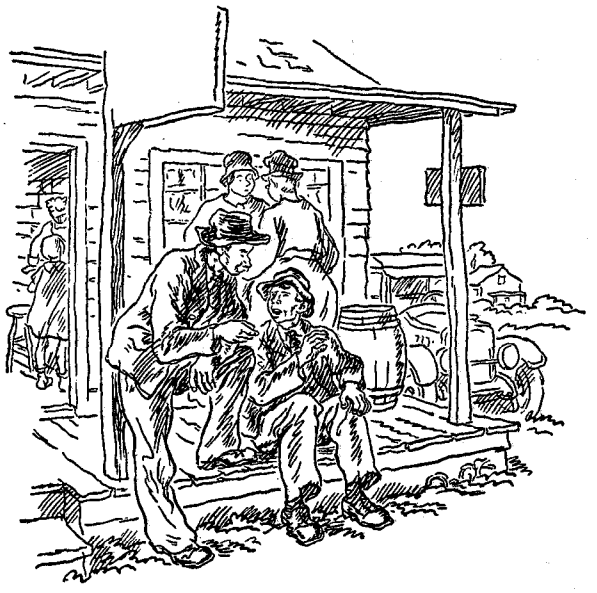
BACKWOODS KENTUCKY LISTENS IN

BY FRANCES JEWELL McVEY



"Don't you let 'em fool you. Hit's one of them gramaphones like that there Combs boy brought back with him from the level country nigh unto ten years ago. I'm a-warnin' you. You can't tell me that you there are pullin' music out of that air."

The radio had been installed, the aerial erected, and the listeners at the community center at Cow Creek were tuned in to receive their first radio program, when an enlightened neighbor who had heard "a gramaphone nigh unto ten years ago" came down the valley to warn all present not to lend themselves to trickery.

It was June 3, 1933. The director of the radio station at the University of Kentucky and the radio technician, with the necessary equipment packed in their automobile, had come from Lexington into the Kentucky mountains to establish the first listening center. Traveling over fairly good roads to Booneville, they had then turned into a mountain road; "the road is in the creek bed half the time, and the other half the creek bed is in the road." At the mouth of Cow Creek they were met by the head of the community center, who had come on horseback to guide the radio expedition up the creek to the settlement.

When they arrived at the center they found an enthusiastic group waiting to hear the music "pulled out of the air." One patriarch, who said he was ninety years old, was so anxious to hasten the necessary preparation that he wanted to climb a tree to put up the aerial.

In spite of the neighborly warning against trickery, the people wondered at the radio and found enjoyment in it. Thus was established University of Kentucky Listening Center Number One.

II

It is true that many mountain homes have radios, and in the larger towns and more progressive communities of the Kentucky mountains people have owned radios ever since they could be bought. In the more isolated regions, however, radios are unknown.

To bring enlightenment and stimulation to the mountain people in the remote districts of Kentucky, the University of Kentucky decided to establish "listening centers." These centers are to be located in settlement schools, consolidated schools, stores, or any other place where people may "gather in" and where a reliable director for the listening center may be found. The director must tune in upon the University of Kentucky programs, which include discussions of agricultural, geological, and legal problems and talks on generally cultural subjects.

He must furnish a simple report to the University radio studios. In this report he is to list the number of listeners together with comments and suggestions. He is also supposed to choose with discrimination programs at other times for his listeners and to encourage people

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to come to hear the broadcasts.

In the more isolated regions of the mountains, because of the steep hills, narrow valleys, and scattered highways, communication is difficult, social activities are few, and educational opportunities meager. It does not require great imagination to perceive what the radio will mean to these citizens of Kentucky. The voice of the President of the United States heard in the Kentucky mountains thrills the listeners and gives an opportunity for much thought on their part and for wise instruction on the part of the community leader. For the first time these citizens may feel that they are a part, not merely of their own small creek-bed communities, but of the state and of the United States, and even that they are citizens of the world.

Because electric current is not available in many places in the mountains, battery sets are used. These sets, gifts from people of Lexington and other Kentucky towns and, in a few instances, of other states, are reconditioned and sometimes rebuilt into reliable and powerful units. This work is done by two University of Kentucky operators, at no cost to the University. If there is alternating current, new radio sets which have been given by some of Lexington's service clubs are installed. The University bears the expense of installation, of the listening-center signs, and of the bulletin boards. The county agents and home-demonstration agents lend counsel and assistance to the installers and directors.

III

On the first trip into the mountains, after installation at Cow Creek, the radio men proceeded to Gander to establish Listening Center Number Two. On the way and on their return their car was often stuck hopelessly in the mud in apparently uninhabited places. Suddenly, as if from the earth, four or five men would appear, willing to be of assistance and helpful with suggestions and with cheerful labor. At Gander, in the Carcassonne Community Center, an electric set was installed. Here too, a neighbor came to warn the listeners against thinking they were "pullin' music out of the air" when they must be only hearing a "talk box" or some like "consarned contraption."

On the next radio trip into the mountains, the "quare fotched-on" radio men were accompanied by the head of the English Department of the University. Their route was interesting to follow. Going on a good road to Hindman, in Knott County, they then went along and through the right fork of Troublesome Creek. Here they were mired in quicksand until help arrived in the shape of three brawny mountaineers. Along Runnell's Fork they went, over a mountain into Caney Fork of Beaver Creek, to Rock Fork, where they were hung up on rocks. In order to get off, they had to jack up the wheels. At times, two men built trails ahead for the car to drive over. At Bolyn, where there is a new community center, they installed a battery set with an aerial two hundred and fifty feet high in order to rise above the "dead spot" in the creek bottom.

Leaving Bolyn at six o'clock in the evening, they set out for their next destination, Vest. After a few miles of good road, they came upon a difficult trail through a mountain pass. By this time it was late in the evening and quite dark. Fortunately, they came upon a native of the mountains who was returning from courting his lady-fair. This swain was delighted to ride on the running board and direct the radio party over the most perilous part of the road. They were driving at the rapid rate of six miles an hour.

To ascertain distances in the mountain is difficult. When a passer-by is asked, "How far is Vest?" or "How far is Gander?" the answer may be "A right smart piece yon side of the mountain," or "To the north fork of the next creek," or, more generally, "Half a mile over yonder." The distance when traveled is perhaps sixteen or twenty miles, but since the native mountaineer in these isolated regions has seldom been more than a few miles from home, it is to him usually "half a mile over yonder."

When the expedition arrived at Vest and aroused the center's director from sleep it was after one o'clock in the morning. As they were installing the battery set, a heavy rain broke, and they were delayed two hours. By the time the installation was made in the general store at Vest all stations had signed off. In faith that all would be well with the radio, they departed, to arrive in Jackson at seven

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o'clock and in Lexington at ten o'clock in the morning. Their faith was ill-placed, for they heard from Vest in a few days that the untested radio lacked sufficient volume; so they were obliged to travel again the rocky road to Vest.

These installation trips are made over week-ends, in order that classes and other University engagements will not be interfered with. Also, as many centers as possible must be established during each trip, because of the alternative waste in time and the added expense that would result from coming back to Lexington for more equipment after each set had been installed.

IV

On the third installation trip, the radio men set forth on July 22 in a University truck loaded with equipment for six radio listening centers. During this trip they installed and tested a battery set at Wooten Community Center in Leslie County; they insulated the aerial and put in a working set for Hyden Community Center, where there were four battery sets all out of condition (on this trip they collected these old battery sets which, after reconditioning, were installed in Leslie County at Thousand Sticks, Dry Hill, Stinnett, and Beach Fork); they installed an electric set at Langley in Floyd County in the consolidated school under the direction of Mr. Town Hall, a graduate of Caney Creek Community School at Pippapass; they checked the set and lengthened the aerial at Vest; they installed a battery set in the consolidated school at Bonanza, miles away; they installed an electric set at McDowell, a coal-mining community, in the consolidated school, under the direction of Mr. Palmer Hall, who, like his brother of Langley, is a graduate of Caney Creek; and they left material at Jackson in Breathitt County for the Reverend Mr. Van Meter, former student of the University of Kentucky, to take on horseback to Mar's Fork Community Center. Mr. Van Meter is establishing in Lee's Junior College, at Jackson, repair shops for batteries for Kentucky mountain radio sets.

Six new listening centers were established on this third trip. Probably not more than five hundred miles had been traveled; four hundred of these had been on good roads, the other hundred along creek beds and over mountains. An overheated engine; skidding on slick hills, sometimes bristling a few feet ahead with rocks; being hauled into Hazard by a passing truck; at Hazard, having necessary repairs made on the University truck; losing the way many times, through misinterpreting loosely given directions; being stuck in the mud or on rocks countless times — all these combined to make the week-end trip perilous and exciting. The radio men arrived early Monday morning at Jackson, on the highway one hundred miles from Lexington.

At Jackson they are always welcomed to the restaurant run by the mother of one of the University students. She rejoices to make her contribution in fried chicken, coffee, and biscuits and she will not hear of receiving money for the food.

Other listening centers have been established at Davella, in Martin County; at Pippapass and at Smithsboro, in Knott County; at Decoy, in Breathitt County; and at the Caney Creek Community Center.

Of all these centers, only Gander, Pippapass, McDowell, and Langley have electric sets, while fourteen have battery sets.

In spite of the radio problems in the mountains — the depth of the valleys, the necessity of high aerials, the erratic power for electric sets, the static caused by coal-mining machines — and in spite of the difficulties experienced by those who are responsible for the installations, radio with its wonders has come to the Kentucky mountains. Frank L. McVey, president of the University of Kentucky says of this endeavor, "In organizing radio listening centers in the Kentucky mountains, the University of Kentucky is recognizing again that its real campus is limited only by the boundary of the state. Through the installation of radio receiving sets in these remote districts the University of Kentucky hopes to bring to the people some of the wonder of that great invention. Through the radio the University hopes to furnish information and enlightenment; perhaps to inspire the listeners to better methods in farming, forestry, and home-making; to bring enjoyment into the centers and homes; and to give to the mountain people a sense of being in communication with their state, their nation, their world."

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FIVE KENTUCKY SONNETS

BY JESSE STUART

Dear Mr. Leach,
I'm sending you a sheaf of poems, sonnets, whatever you choose to call them, that were written in the drouth of 1932. I plowed the dry earth awhile and then I rested and wrote poetry. The corn withered to the earth — here is the poetry.
Yours very sincerely,
JESSE STUART

Farewell to Steel

I said farewell to steel — a long farewell —
I said farewell for I would not return —
I said to hell with steel for steel is hell
And I would leave the forge shops where they burn —
The anvils cold — the hammers in the rack —
The tongs and cleavers by the water hole —
The cinder cart and shovels on the track —
Farewell to furnaces so dark and cold —
It was all over now — I prayed to see
The time when all the sheds would turn to rust —
I prayed for men to go back to the land
Before steel turned their bodies back to dust —
I said forever and a long farewell —
I said forever to that little hell —

Mountain Boy

Stand up and fight your way — you mountain boy!
Stand up and use your fists and tongue and pen!
And hand man blow for blow you mountain boy!
You are a man among a world of men.
Your arms are strong and brown from summer toil —
Your eyes are gray as stone and strong as steel —
In body and in mind — son of the soil
Stand up and fight — and fight to win or kill.
For life is yours and meet it while you're young.
It's time to use hard fists and sing gay songs.
It's time to use your fists and pen and tongue.
It's time to fight while you are young and strong —
Stand up among a world of men and show
That you can stand and hand them blow for blow.

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Father

"Son," said my father, "take you a strong wife;
Take you a mountain girl strong as a tree —
(It takes a tree to meet the winds of life;
Your ma — she was the kind that suited me)
Get you a wife with eyes bright as a star
And teeth white as a thunder-cloud's white head;
Get one with cheeks red as the wild plum is
And ankles thin as runners on a sled —
And get yourself about six right pert sons,
Leave them to carry on blood of their fathers;
And let them nurse from their strong mother's breasts;
Your six strong sons — maybe three strong daughters —
Raise them to be men in a world of men —
Let them take wives and multiply again —"

Daisy

I shall love thee my mountain Daisy Moore
When other loves have drifted with the leaf;
I shall love thee, sweet mountain Daisy Moore,
The season for our love is summer brief —
Oh we shall walk beneath the sycamore
And watch the moon rise high above the river —
And I shall love thee then my Daisy Moore
When we walk where the ankle sedge-grass quivers.
And we shall listen to the night winds sighing
Through Sandy bottom corn-fields wet with dew;
And we shall listen to the shike-pokes flying
And flapping wings against wet winds at night —
When we walk through corn-fields on Sandy shore,
I shall love thee — my mountain Daisy Moore.

I Loved the Earth

I loved the earth — I loved to dig the dirt
The earth was mine and I belonged to earth.
I loved to put my hands in dirt and work.
It's noble to work close against the earth.
I did know men who feared an honest toil;
Parasitic men who lived without a reason;
Their hands were clean — they were afraid of soil;
They did not plant and harvest in their season —
I loved to work with earth — for in this end
It may be I shall go to meet the night —
The night is kind — night cometh as a friend
When one lies down too tired to work and fight —
Eternity is long — it is the end.
And I shall lie with earth my bosom friend —

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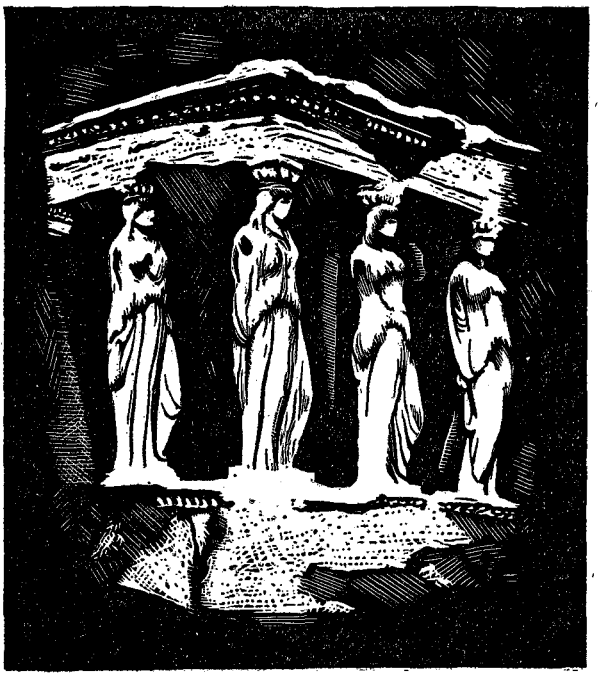
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS, U.S.A.

BY KATHARINE STANLEY-BROWN



WHAT of a government that does not recognize the fine arts? A recent national survey of secondary education reveals the already-suspected fact that we are a nation — taken as an average — of seventh graders. Fifty years ago we were third graders. Seventh graders are about twelve years old, just the age to be interested in, to be excited by literature, sculpture, painting, architecture, and music. And our tutor, our daily more authoritative and all-powerful supervisor — the government — offers us no rewards, prizes, or official help. Obviously such a country will know less and less of the arts and more and more of commercialism. One of the hopes of our new government appears to be greater personal leisure. Will we be helped to use it?

The most logical use of leisure and money appears to many civilized beings to be the creation and encouragement of the fine arts. Nothing else is so reassuring, so enduring, so purifying mentally, so stimulating. The cultivation of the arts civilizes in the actual meaning of the word and gives some substance to the idea that there is use in our being alive.

America has produced a variety of artistic leaders: Gershwin, Goodhue, O'Henry, Hart — take whom you will. We have had men and women born and active in this country who had insight into America and the technique with which to express it. They achieved their results on account of their own talent and perseverance and in spite of the ugliness with which they were surrounded and the indifference of their government as to what became of them.

We have had, as well, patrons of art — Rockefellers, Kahns, Morgans — who recognized good work and bought it or subsidized it. The results of such individual patronage in a Renaissance Italy were glorious; in a twentieth-century, bootlegging America, lost. To one impressive, well-constructed building financed by private interests we put up a hundred badly designed, flimsy, tasteless structures. Take a look at our city parks if you think we do not need national competitions for memorial sculpture. The Civil War generals on their pot-bellied horses were bad enough. The so-called "modern" shafts, the undersized, undignified bronze plaques, or the tangle of tortured soldiers that commemorate the World War suggest that it never ended. Schools, fire houses, city halls, post offices — why bother to enumerate the public buildings that we authorize? The jobs go out via politics to local contractors and builders. The results are hideous.

What is the remedy? Will not individual taste always be unstandardized and often poor? Does not education take centuries rather than years? Can we have as beautiful a countryside as, for instance, England, minus ivy-clad years of traditional beauty?

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A Business Proposition

Well, my answer is that it is not for nothing that France has a Minister of Fine Arts; that it is not for nothing that England and most European countries allow no one to practice architecture without a government license; that it is not for nothing that in published statistics of the French government's expenses since 1868 one never sees less than *16,000 milliers de francs* expended annually for the fine arts. Even in the years of the war these figures scarcely changed, and one reads: 1914—*16,630 milliers de francs;* 1915—*15,693 milliers de francs*. Even as that money was being apportioned to beautify public gardens, award scholarships, preserve *monuments historiques*, gorgeous cathedrals and castles of France were being shelled, and the future artists and authors being shot. A nation which believes in beauty, even at the point of death!

Congressmen rise in the House and harangue about "champagne-faced America pursuing its money-mad way." What other ideals does our government set up for us? The Post Office Department sprays its branch post offices over the country like insecticide powder, letting local architects and builders, often without the faintest conception of line and design, construct them. If there were a law prohibiting anyone from building anything unless the builder possessed a government permit for practicing architecture and if the awarding of such licenses were in the hands of men sufficiently honest and educated to safeguard their misplacement, the menace would disappear overnight. Why should a twenty-year-old boy who has left the farm long enough to attend four years of high school and two years in an indifferent school of architecture somewhere — anywhere — be allowed or, for that matter, be equipped to design a federal building? Let him study, let him win a government license, as is done in France, and turn him loose after that. But no, hang one more sword over his head — that his design must pass the Ministry — the Department of Fine Arts. Many a bad building would be lost en route.

It sounds fantastic, a department of Fine Arts. We have had departments of Commerce, State, Finance, War, and the rest for years, but never that. It suggests, I suppose, to the still Victorian, Puritan mind of most of America the decadence of Rome, the immorality of France. I imagine about one eightieth of the population of America has grasped the idea that art is not an ethical problem. It implies — a department of Fine Arts — more taxes. It suggests (but what department does not?) more graft in awards. It can be stretched in one's imagination to contain a cigar-smoking politician awarding public-park statues to his ward voters. But nothing in any government is without its dark shadows. And good men have been filling and daily do fill the high places of government. A Mr. Stimson, a Justice Holmes, a General Leonard Wood suggest in themselves that the government is capable of acquiring leaders in various fields.

The Fine Arts Commission, appointed by act of Congress to determine the æsthetic value of government projects, is a step in the right direction but only a step. It has censored some bad works; it has also authorized some bad ones. It is too impermanent a body — a group of men appointed for four years at a time, meeting at intervals — to function very efficiently. Its members serve without pay, except for expenses, but are usually awarded government work of an appropriate kind after their term of office is over. One never gets anything for nothing — an axiom of which the government still seems ignorant.

Personally I believe in the government, in its intrinsic and original contentions. It seems unwieldy, slow, and at times entirely too much at the mercy of its leaders. But any government to have vitality and use must be flexible enough to be influenced by the minds at the head of it. If we have had leaders whose acts in the light of subsequent events we deplore, we have had as well our Washingtons, Lincolns, and Roosevelts.

If individual fortunes in America are dwindling from government taxes, from donations to charity to avoid taxes, from raids by kidnapers and gangsters, extravagant subsidized arts must eventually perish. The Metropolitan Opera has tottered on the edge of its grave in a highly painful manner. Our most educative theater groups, along with Broadway, have only just weathered the storm. Our libraries

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and schools and colleges have cut their staffs, their salaries, their scholarship lists, their book-buying budgets. We shall shortly be left with our memories and our radios.

Tax the People to Save Their Souls

What could a department of Fine Arts legitimately do? It could tax the people to save their souls. It could take their money and beautify their lives. A National Theater, something like the *Théâtre Français* in Paris, perhaps, would encourage the writing of great plays and improve American diction and speech. A National Opera would offer us only at last an advantage that most of the nations of Europe have enjoyed for years. A National Portrait Gallery would provide us with an historical, a national family tree which would not only preserve the works of our many fine artists but crystallize the traditions of the great men we have had. National competitions for public buildings, judged by the best authorities obtainable, would not smother genius; they would uncover it. And money diverted into services of beauty would do far more for America than help to relieve unemployment.

Ideals in America or anywhere else will always be as low as the existing standards. If every fourth man in Soviet Russia refuses to believe in God, shortly in Russia there will be no God. This is an obvious law which all governments, religions, and families take into account. New York as a city architecturally grows more beautiful. It is because original and dignified buildings are being constructed there. From time to time horrors are perpetrated in the name of these new gods, but in general each building is improved by some successful predecessor. Washington is a beautiful city because it was well laid out (by a Frenchman, incidentally) and because the government for once has cared enough to set up the machinery with which to keep on improving it. The city-plan commissions in various places are a step in the direction the national government should take.

But what of the countryside in between the cities? Who wishes to save or beautify it? Drive from Philadelphia to Washington on the Lincoln Highway, for example. Who authorized those ten million ugly gas stations? The notions of the owners. The half-educated ideas of the builders. But pick any road you wish. The natural beauties of our country and our beautiful colonial buildings were not enough to counteract the individual bad taste of our polyglot and uneducated population. It is too late now to live on hope or write books on our colonial traditions. Someone should act. And the logical agent is the national government. Beauty has been known to move and stimulate and encourage the human heart — indeed, the human hearts of millions. We need it now more than ever before.

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BOX SUPPER

A Short Story

BY DORA AYDELOTTE

MA'S GRAY EYES snapped fire, and her lips drew tight. That meant she was mad about something, and the fam'ly tried to step softly and speak low. That is, all but Pa. He sat by the stove and smoked his pipe, pretending not to notice.

The teakettle purred sleepily in its iron throat. The cat, a ball of brindle fur, dozed near the fire. Squinting nearsightedly as she threaded the needle, Ma put new patches in the knees of Jimmie's overalls, taking quick, firm stitches, biting the thread off with a vicious jerk. She held in nobly till Minnie and the boys sneaked upstairs. Then she stuffed the mending back in the workbasket and turned loose.

"I just wish you'd been here," she began. "Honestly, I never was so taken aback in my life. Here I'd thought all along Barbry was going to the box supper with Con. She hadn't told me any dif'rent. So when somebody knocked at the side door after supper I opened it and says, 'Step right in, Con.'"

"And there it was Jud Beasley! You could've knocked me down with a feather! He give me a queer look and wanted to know was Barbry expecting somebody else. Before I could get out another word, she come switching in. And they hadn't been gone any time till Con drove up for her. . . . I didn't know what to say, hardly.

"I declare," she swept on, "sometimes Barbry's enough to try the patience of a saint. I can't think what's come over her all at once. She's got so close-mouthed about things. When she come out here to get her box, I asked if she'd broke off with Con. She turned up her nose and said I better ask him."

Pa puffed away calmly as Ma continued to unburden her mind. . . . Barbry didn't treat Con right — always flying off the handle over something he said or did. Seemed like they no sooner made up one fuss than she started another — and over nothing, too. Con was a good boy. Lots of get-up-and-go to him — more than old Barney'd ever had. At this point a gentle, rhythmic snore warned the speaker that she was merely wasting her breath. Picking up her workbasket, she marched disgustedly to bed.

II

"STAR LIGHT, star bright," chanted Barbry, her gaze on the evening sky. "First star I've seen to-night. Wish I may, wish I might, Have the wish I wish to-night." But she wouldn't tell Jud what it was. That would keep the wish from coming true. Besides, she had wished to see Con.

No wonder poor Ma had looked daggers at her when Jud came. But she'd hated to tell her how it was. She had put Jud off when he asked her before, thinking sure she'd get to go with Con. But he hadn't been near. And when she was in Fidelity that day, Jud met her right on the main street and asked her again. . . . Well, she couldn't wait forever on Con.

Barbry wondered why she wasn't happier. This was what she used to want more than anything else in the world — to have some fellow drive up in a cutter behind a team of fast horses and take her sleighriding. Now she was skimming over the snow, with sleigh bells jingling and black horses prancing, and it wasn't so wonderful, after all. Things never did turn out like she thought they would.

It was like that day when she was trying to run down the Thanksgiving turkey. After heading the big gobbler off in a corner and making a wild dash for him, all she got was a few tail feathers in one hand. . . . Now she had wanted happiness — and missed it. All she had was a few sorry tail feathers. . . . Only that didn't sound right. Happiness wasn't a

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bird. Or maybe it was, and that's why it was so hard to catch.

She wouldn't tell Jud what her box looked like, though he kept teasing her all the way over. The girls always tried to see who could bring the fanciest box. Barbry's was covered with red and white tissue paper, fringed and pasted on in frilly rows. Some of the wine-red baby ribbon left from her new dress to tie it with. She'd fixed a nice lunch, too. Roast chicken and ham sandwiches. Some of Ma's good doughnuts that Con liked so well. Cake and plenty of good, sour pickles. Now she didn't care who bought her box — just so it wasn't Willie Sooper.

The new teacher at Round Grove wanted a globe and some maps to hang on the wall. The trustees refused to spend any of the school funds, so she went to work and got up the box supper.

III

Folks turned out good. The little schoolroom was crowded full. Barbry nodded to couples she knew as she warmed her hands at the stove. She'd hoped some would notice her new dress — it was wine-colored cashmere, with ribbon-edged ruffles swirling elegantly around her ankles. Too nice, Ma had scolded, to wear just for common. . . . One of the girls rubbed a fold of it between thumb and finger and said it was nice mater'al. Opal Smart, whose bright red henrietta was old by this time, eyed her enviously.

A year ago last spring since Barbry had been in the old schoolroom. It was thrilling to find her old desk, with "B M" gouged roughly in the top (she had carved the initials herself, breaking a blade of Bill's pocketknife in the process, to his profound disgust); to remember how she used to sit there, in pigtails and a long-sleeved apron, toiling over the problems in her 'rithmetic. How she had wanted, then, to be grown up and wear long dresses. Well, it was nice — only you had to *stay* grown up forever.

First there was a program by the "A" class. One of the girls spoke a piece about the snow, the snow, the bee-*yu*-teeful snow, and two more warbled a duet. Then the teacher led in singing, with ev'rybody joining in on the chorus. Things they all knew, like *Church In The Wildwood* and *Juanita*. Barbry lifted a vigorous alto in the yearning refrain

'Nita, Juanita, ask thy soul if we should part,
'Nita, Juanita, lean thou on my heart.

Roaring the last endearing words with startling strength, Willie Sooper's bullfrog basso came out a bar behind. Craving obscurity, that modest soul yet contrived to focus unkind attention on himself. First thing he did was to stick his big boots against the stove and nearly burn the sole through. The stench of scorching leather filled the room. Retreating in confusion, he knocked an ink bottle off the desk. The cork loosened, and the contents oozed out blackly. . . . Now he'd made another doggoned break!

IV

The teacher, a brisk, dried-up little woman, whose specs gleamed owlishly in the lamplight, unwrapped the boxes and stacked them on her desk. Impressive in his long-tail black coat and black pants sprung at the knees, Ebbie Smock stepped to the rostrum and rapped for silence.

Playing the fiddle or auctioneering was the only work Ebbie hankered for. At heart he was a carefree troubadour, born too late to fulfill his destiny. Said himself he wasn't cut out for farming. His wife rented the land on shares and managed to make the living.

Ebbie got folks to laughing right at the start. "Here's a full meal, boys," he shouted, holding up a large box trimmed in scalloped green paper. "Whoever fixed this lunch knows the way to a man's heart." A titter spread among the girls. He hefted the package appraisingly.

"Packed solid with good things to eat. Who'll be the lucky feller to git it? What'm I bid? Start 'er, somebody. . . . Half dollar? I'm bid a half — it's wuth all of a dollar. Who'll bid a dollar for this here elegant, home-cooked lunch?"

The green-trimmed box was finally knocked down to Willie Sooper for a dollar, and bidding slow at that. Word had gone around that it belonged to Hetty Mills, the old-maid dressmaker from Todd's Point, and the boys shied off accordingly. Willie said he didn't care who he et with — just so there was plenty of grub. But Hetty didn't act any too well pleased with her partner.

Some of the boxes were snapped up right away. On others the bidding dragged, nobody taking much interest. Depended on who they

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belonged to. If it was a girl the fellows all ran after, they might bid against each other when her box was put up and run the price sky-high. Once some boys got to fighting over Allie Van Osman's box, and it went to four dollars before Ervie Guess bought it. . . . And then Allie married another fellow, after all.

Ebbie Smock was in his element — joking, teasing, egging the boys on. "I ain't naming no names, but the young lady that fetched this han'some big box told me to hold it till her beau bid two dollars. Who'll make it two? Thank you, sir. Two dollars once — twice — three times. Sold!" — banging his wooden hammer — "Sold to the young gen'leman in the red tie for two dollars." His ears flaming to match his crimson neckwear, Gus Coonrod clumped forward for the prize.

Only a few boxes left — Barbry's and one or two more. Jud hadn't bid yet. Said he didn't want any but hers. Well, he'd get it easy enough. Nobody'd fight to own Barbry Miller's box. She wasn't the pop'lar kind. All along Jud had kept whispering, "Is *that* it?" As Ebbie held up a gay box all red and white, tied with wine-red ribbon, she nodded, "That's mine."

"Some purty gal been waitin' all this time," grinned the auctioneer, "fer me to sell her box. I c'n tell by the heft of it that here's a mighty good feed. Box itself looks good enough to eat. Who'll start it at a dollar? Come on, now — speak up." Jud promptly bid that sum.

The auctioneer spoke reproachfully. "One dollar — only ten dimes for this here dainty box, g'ar'nteed to gladden the buyer's heart and fill his stummick, too. Boys, I'm su'prised at you. That ain't no way to help the school along. Who'll make it two?"

He waited hopefully. At the back of the room a hand was lifted. A deep voice called, "Two."

Ebbie scented a fight. "Two — a two — a two," he singsonged. "It's wuth a heap more. Somebudy make it two-fifty. Do I hear two-fifty?" He did — and from Jud Beasley. That young man knew who was bidding against him. Nobody but Con Mulligan had a voice like that — strong and clear, with just a shading of his father's mellow brogue. Barbry felt the hot blood stain her cheeks. She hadn't even known Con was there.

He came pushing through the crowd, making his way up the aisle to where Barbry sat. "I

Drawing by James Daugherty

bid three," he called. He and Jud eyed each other like a pair of sparring cockerels.

"Now you're showin' some speed," encouraged Ebbie. "Keep 'er going. All right, sir" — to Jud — "three-fifty it is. Going at three-fifty — going — "

Con squared his chin and threw his shoulders back. This was warfare, and he welcomed it. "Four!" He flung the word as if it were a knightly gauntlet, tossed in a foeman's face. Barbry glowed with pride. This was like something she read about in a book, where brave knights battled for a lady's favor.

Torn between anger and instinctive thrift, Jud hesitated. His friends urged him on. "That's his last dollar. Raise his ante — quick." Defiantly he shot his bolt. "Four-fifty!" The schoolroom rang to the whoops of admiring Beasley partisans.

Ebbie pounded for order. "Four-fifty it is. Going at four-fifty — going — going —"

Con Mulligan's hand lifted, the fingers widely spread. "*Five!*" Jud stalked off, glowering in defeat. No use bidding any longer against that crazy fool!

The auctioneer's hammer beat a merry

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rat-a-tat. "Sold! Sold for five dollars to Con Mulligan!" The winner swaggered up triumphantly.

V

BARBRY tried to act like it was nothing at all when Con brought her the box and sat down, stretching his long legs under the desk. Some of the girls acted jealous of her, and the boys all stared so — gawping like they'd never seen her before. What would the folks at home say when they knew she'd beat Allie Van Osman's mark?

She tried to scold Con for being so extravagant, but he only laughed. "Guess I got my money's worth. Think I'd let Jud beat me out of eating supper with my best girl? Here, open it and le's eat. Why," as his gaze fell on the ribbon, "it's the same as on your dress. Red's my fav'rite color." That was a lot for Con to say. He was no hand to pay compliments.

Barbry felt ashamed of the way she'd treated Con. He talked so nice — not like he blamed her a bit. But after he told how he came to the house after her, and she'd gone, and asked reproachfully, "Didn't you know I'd come?" she couldn't enjoy that good supper. Even cake and pickles lost their charm.

The boys kept joking Con, asking if he'd struck it rich all at once. And how did a five-dollar feed taste, anyway? "Fine," he grinned, reaching for another doughnut. "Fine and dandy. Never you mind about my money. Guess I c'n blow it in if I take a notion."

No sign of Jud all this time. Barbry didn't want to start any trouble, but if he didn't come pretty soon, she'd let Con take her home. He'd been begging to, all along. "It's all right — Jud won't bother you any more. He knows when he's licked."

But Jud came back, swaggering up defiantly, catching roughly at Barbry's arm. "You're going back with me, anyway." He gave his rival a long, hard look.

Instead of getting mad like she thought he would, Con spoke soothingly. "All right, Jud. Guess it's your turn now." Scared, that's what he was, Barbry thought contemptuously. Jud was spoiling for a fight, and Con was afraid he might get the worst of it.

Opal Smart didn't want her to go with Jud. "You come on with us," she whispered. "Me'n Gus go right past your place. . . . Jud might act mean — he's mad as a hornet now."

Barbry shook her head. "No use getting his dander up any more. I'm not afraid of Jud Beasley, anyhow."

He acted nice enough when they started — tucking the robes around her carefully, asking if she was plenty warm. They traveled like the wind. Jud kept lashing out fiercely with the whip, snarling angrily as the horses plunged and pranced.

That was no way to do, taking his mad out on the team. "Don't go so fast," she pleaded, tugging at his sleeve. "You'll have a runaway, first thing you know."

He reined the blacks in sharply, slowing them to a walk. "Thought you were in a hurry to get home," he sneered. "Didn't like my comp'ny any more. Well," he gloated, "I'm ahead of Con Mulligan after all. Cost the dern fool a week's wages to eat supper with you — and I'll have a kiss for nothing."

His eyes, hot and murky looking, stared into hers. His arms tightened around her, hard and masterful. Slapping his face wouldn't do any good this time. It would take more than that. . . . The startled steeds broke into a wild run as the whip cut cruelly against their flanks. "Say — what'd you do that for?" bawled Jud, snatching at the reins.

She had one frightened glimpse of great black bodies towering above them — of black legs pawing the air. If they fell over backward — she'd heard of that happening. The team reared again, fairly on their hind legs. She felt the frail cutter tip and sway. . . .

VI

THE NEXT THING she knew, she was lying in a deep, soft feather bed of a drift. The horses stood near, nostrils steaming, flanks heaving, the cutter lying on its side. But not a sign of Jud.

A sleigh dashed up as she floundered in snow over her shoe tops. A voice called, "Ho, Firefly," and Con came plunging through the drifts, lifting her in his arms. "What's the matter, Barbry?"

"We turned over," she gasped. Good thing Con couldn't see how awful she looked — hair stringing limply, hat jammed over her eyes, her nose red and leaky from the cold. She fumbled

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for a hank'chief. Her coat pocket was filled with snow. "Here," Con offered as she sniffed desperately, "take mine."

A pair of booted feet waved frantically from a nearby drift. The snowbank heaved and split apart. Jud wallowed from his snowy bed, white from head to foot. "You let my girl alone!" he blustered, advancing with clenched fists.

"Your girl, nothing!" Con defied. "Nice way to treat her, throwing her out in the snow." He turned to Barbry protectingly. "I'll see that she gets home safe."

Once Barbry had scandalized Ma by saying she liked to watch a fight and see who beat. But this was no farm boys' good-natured rassling. Jud lunged out blindly, bellowing like an angered bull. They grappled in a writhing, straining hold, struggling fiercely, trampling down the snow. Barbry winced at the thud of heavy fists, the grunts of pain. In the dim white light, it was hard to see which one was ahead.

They went down, rolling over in the deep snow, arms and legs wildly flailing. Up again, fists driving like sledge hammers . . . Smack! A blow that crunched against flesh and bone. Teetering dizzily on his heels, Jud fell backward in the snow.

"Leave him lay," scorned the winner, tenderly breathing on his skinned knuckles. "He'll come to in a minute. That was a socker I landed on his chin." He swaggered in the pride of victory. "Come on — I'm going to take you home."

"I won't go a step," she flatly refused. "Not a step, till you help him up." Grumbling that he might as well give in now as later, Con hoisted the fallen warrior to his feet. "Here's your cap," he offered, bowing in mock politeness. "Better put it on — you might get cold." A smile on his lips, bleak menace in his eyes.

Feeling gingerly of his somewhat battered countenance, Jud muttered grudgingly, "You win." With a jerk he righted the cutter. The black team swung away.

Barbry was lifted, wraps and all, and bundled in Con's sleigh. "Here — let me tuck this blanket 'round your feet. I bet they're about froze." He scorned her anxious inquiries. "Hurt? Not a bit. Say, I've been in tougher fights than that."

The little bay mare trotted swiftly, kicking back the snow. Con wrapped the lines around one leather-mittened hand. "Tried to act smart, did he? I thought he'd be up to something — that's why I trailed behind." He chuckled to himself, adding, "Took the sleighbells off so I wouldn't make any noise."

She snuggled her face against the comforting roughness of Con's sleeve. His voice dropped to a serious note. "I want you to promise me something. Promise you won't ever go with Jud again. Promise you'll wait for me."

Crossing her heart, she uttered the ritual of childish days:

> Honest and true, black 'n blue,
> Hope to die 'f I go back on you.

Con nodded as if satisfied. He wasn't one to say much. She knew he thought a lot of her, but that was all. They didn't even have what Gramma Warren called an "understanding."

Once he had asked, with surprising suddenness, "Barbry, you a pretty good cook?"

"Well, of all questions!" she evaded. "What you want to know for?"

"No harm asking," he soothed. "Poor man has to be careful how he picks him a wife." He spoke lightly, yet she felt a deeper meaning in his words — saw it shining in his eyes.

Now they were nearly home. Con had been singing, in his robust tenor, "It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, I was seeing Barbry home." Teasing her by singing it through his nose.

His gay mood sobered as they went jogging up the snow-filled lane. "Look, Barbry. See all those stars, winking and blinking in the sky?" Her eyes followed his pointing finger.

"See that sassy little star off by itself, winking right down at us? Fellow's got the right to kiss his best girl, any time a star falls. Look — there it goes now!"

He may really have seen the trailing glory of a planet spun through space, but Barbry did not. Her eyes closed as he kissed her, with awkward tenderness, upon her upturned mouth.

No clutch after vanishing tail feathers this time. . . . The bird of happiness flew straight into her heart, its bright wings beating.

Next Month: "Home Wedding," by Dora Aydelotte

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Chicago to Washington

We note, in connection with Mr. Mayer's article in this issue, that a press dispatch from Washington, dated May 19, announces that three members of the House of Representatives, the wives of two, and the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House have been stricken with amœbic dysentery. The Congressmen afflicted were members of a sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee which visited Chicago last November. None is seriously ill.

Poor Man's Court

Comment on Harry D. Nims' articles ("How to Speed Justice" and "Law Courts for the Forgotten Man") in the May and June issues of The Forum:

Raymond Moley, Editor of Today *and former braintruster:*

The Committee on the Administration of Justice in New York State, of which Mr. Nims and I were members and from whose studies Mr. Nims draws his most interesting conclusions, found a vast amount of significant information concerning the delay of litigation in New York State.

I am not certain that any significant remedy for this can be found in mere procedural changes. What we want is better judges, and that means harder-working judges. Mayor LaGuardia was right when he said that we could get along with one half the number of magistrates. It is too bad that he did not have the persistence to go through with his idea.

The same fact is true of the Municipal Courts of New York City. They still remain, after all the talking, an outrageous way of wasting the people's money. . . .

Edgar J. Lauer, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York:

It is most gratifying to those interested in the cause of justice to have enacted into law by the legislature of New York a bill with so laudable an object as the one which has just become a law. . . .

This accomplishment is due to the effort of the New York State Committee on the Administration of Justice, of which Mr. Harry D. Nims . . . is a member. . . .

The articles of Mr. Nims show up some of the failings in the old system and some of the benefits in the new. . . .

John Haynes Holmes, pastor of The Community Church of New York:

Mr. Nims' articles . . . present with great effectiveness a matter of great importance. . . .

Courts and the law in this country constitute a disgrace which should bring shame and humiliation to every citizen. Among the many scandals of what we call justice is this scandal of the poor man, without influence or funds or even time away from his job, who has to go to court to get settlement in a case which any wise man could work out in a few moments. Nothing is more important than to cut through ruthlessly the hopeless tangle of red tape that now defeats justice in this country, especially for "the forgotten man." Mr. Nims has given thought to the question and has used social imagination in his recommendations. His articles should have wide reading and should offer a basis of reform far and wide, in city and village in the United States.

James P. Hill, Presiding Justice of the New York State Supreme Court, Appellate Division, Third Department:

Concerning Mr. Nims' articles. . . . He and his associates on the judicial commission have recommended many needed procedural reforms which have been enacted. . . . The Committee on Justice has worked faithfully and diligently, with intelligence and vision. The result will be helpful to litigants, attorneys, and courts.

Reginald H. Smith, attorney, of Boston:

I can still remember the feelings of delight and surprise that I experienced back in 1917 when one February morning I walked into Cleveland's beautiful courthouse and there saw for the first time a small-claims court in actual operation. Having tried to spread the idea, I have been sadly puzzled, like Mr. Nims, by "the rather slow development of these courts." . . .

W. H. Matthews, Director of the Department of Family Welfare of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor:

. . . the articles . . . are in themselves evidence of the wisdom of Governor Lehman in calling on Mr. Nims for help in his program to make our legislative procedure fit the needs of the man concerning whom Mr. Nims writes.

. . . My own experience in relief work makes me hope that rapid progress will be made along the lines urged in Mr. Nims' articles.

Edward S. Greenbaum, attorney, of New York:

Harry D. Nims' articles . . . are especially timely. . . .

The success of the court will depend upon the method in which it is managed. If the job is well done, its creation may well mark a milestone in the history of American jurisprudence.

Charles C. Burlingham, attorney, of New York:

. . . The Forum is lucky to have found a man who knows what he is talking about and can put it in such a graphic and convincing way. The sample he gives of the administration of justice (?) should bring the blush of shame to lawyers and bar associations in most of the cities of the United States.

A Plan Tested

On June 1, Elwood Street became Director of Public Welfare for the District of Columbia. One of the first things, he writes, that he intends to do is to try out the scheme for community employment planning which he described in his article, "The Ragged Army," in the June Forum.

The Veterans

To the Editor:

I am glad to read your editorial ("Patriotism before Profits") in the June Forum.

I would like to go you one better, smash the lobby, take it out of politics, and revise the whole scheme from the start. . . .

Henry Torrance

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The power of your editorial in the June issue brings me up cheering. . . .

I am in particular happy to see that you are not afraid to drag out into the light of the printed page and honest opinion the name of Mr. Hearst. In my own small, ineffectual way I have boycotted Mr. Hearst for nineteen years. . . . Since then I have never bought or read a newspaper or magazine owned by Mr. Hearst or directed by his policies. It isn't much, true, for he flourishes just the same, but at least I have the personal satisfaction of not lowering my white plume. . . .

Anonymous

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Congratulations and many thanks for your article, "Patriotism Before Profits." I have consistently refused to vote for any candidate who has supported the bonus.

Anonymous

Philadelphia, Pa.

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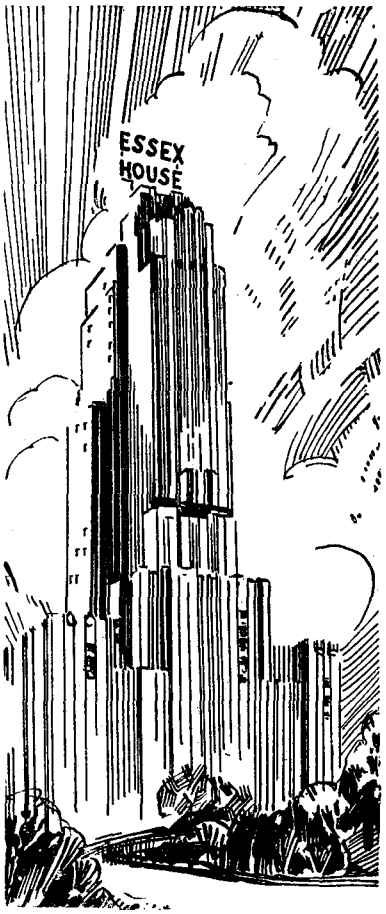

A Word to Vacationists

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Albert Auwaerter, MANAGER

TOASTS

DAVID CARL COLONY is a priest of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia, and a former instructor of Latin at The Haverford School. He has now retired from teaching to found a Missions School for underprivileged children of foreign parentage in the slums of Philadelphia.

LEWIS A. RILEY was introduced to FORUM readers in the July issue. He is a government engineer, a resident of Farmington, New Mexico, and has been attached to the staff of Senator Bronson Cutting.

EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE is Director of the Division of Social Action of the Catholic Charities and author of *The Case Against Birth Control* (Century, 1931) as well as a series of articles published in *The Commonweal*.

GUY IRVING BURCH has worked tirelessly to further the spread of birth-control information among the masses. He is Director of the Population Reference Bureau and Secretary of the American Eugenics Society.

PAUL U. KELLOGG is the Editor of *Survey Graphic* and an advocate of social and economic reform.

ALICE A. FRASER says she enjoys her studies at the University of Minnesota as much as she does her Minneapolis tennis championship. She rides, swims, skis, sculpts, and writes verse and short stories.

AUDREY WURDEMANN hails from Seattle, Washington. Her poems have appeared in numerous magazines, and her first book of collected verse was published recently. Incidentally, she is, so far, the only female contributor to *Esquire*.

PETER MOLYNEAUX is the Editor and publisher of *The Texas Weekly* and lives in Dallas, Texas.

MARIAN J. CASTLE has contributed several articles to THE FORUM and describes herself as a housewife who can't keep from writing.

JAMES STEPHENS was discovered by AE at a typewriter in a Dublin law office. He is the author of *The Crock of Gold* and numerous volumes of poetry, fiction, and essays.

LEWIS SHERBURNE is a native of New Hampshire who combines farming with the practice of law.

CLAUDE BRAGDON forsook architecture and publishing to design scenery and stage sets for the theatrical productions of his friend, Walter Hampden.

OTTO L. MOHR is Professor of Medicine at The Royal Frederiks University, Oslo, Norway. W. W. Norton will publish *Heredity and Disease*, of which this article is a chapter, in the fall.

DORA AYDELOTTE is a familiar FORUM contributor. Her Barbry Miller stories will be published in book form by the Appleton-Century Company.

WHISPER IT SOFTLY, BUT—

The lovely Miss X of Park Avenue has..

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You'd never suspect by looking at her, how uncomfortable she is, how utterly ashamed at the very thought of having Athlete's Foot.

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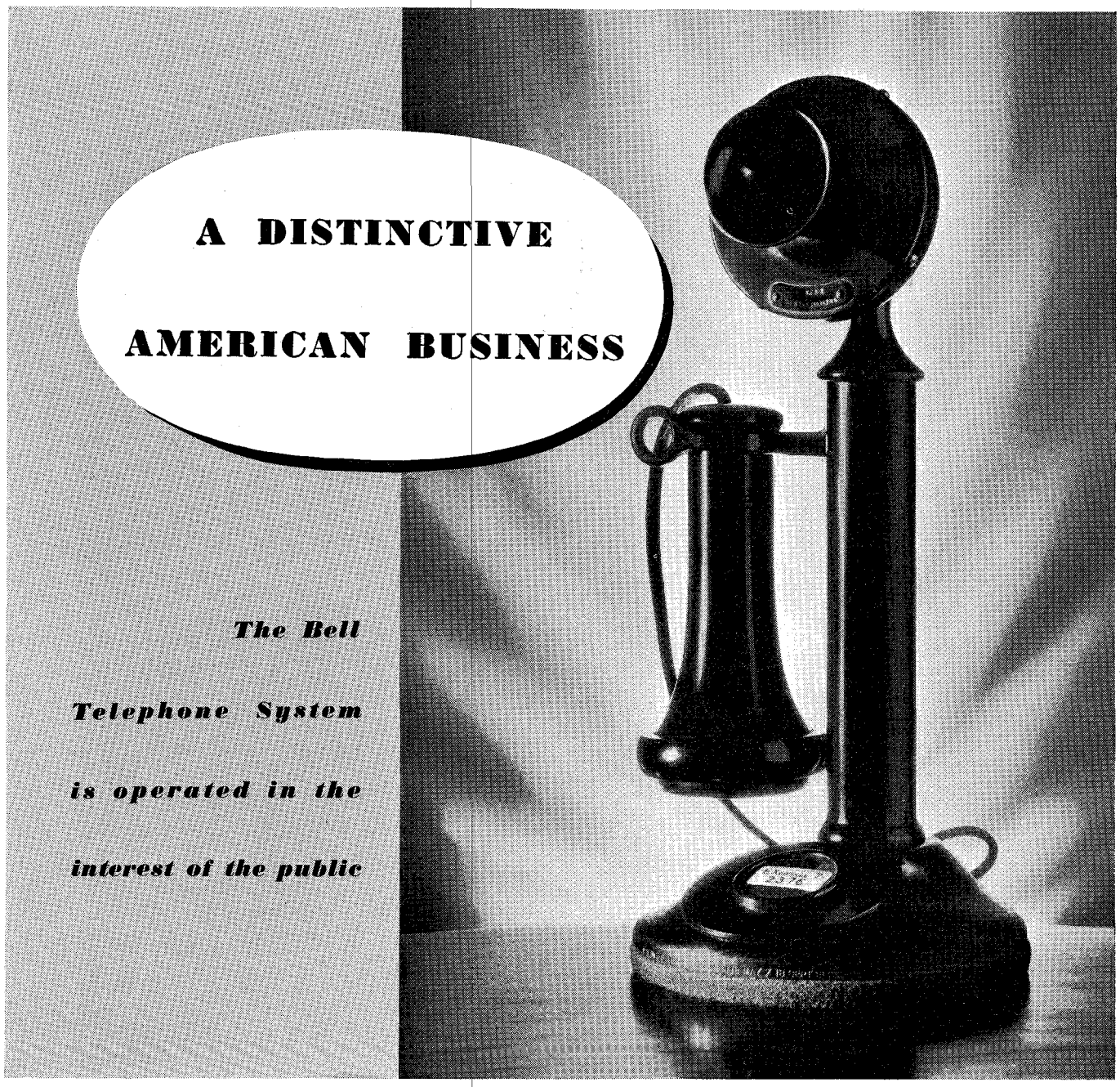

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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME

Mary Borden

Bored and disillusioned by the unreality of religion as taught in the churches, an author of international renown writes a simple and profoundly moving account of her search for a more vital and satisfying religious philosophy.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

Russell Holt Peters

Every six hours, somewhere in the United States, a motorist meets death at a grade crossing. With the new streamlined trains shooting across the country at more than a hundred miles an hour, catastrophes are bound to increase. Mr. Peters suggests a highly practical solution. Here is a challenge to public-spirited citizens looking for a cause.

THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

Upton Sinclair

The founder of the "End Poverty in California" movement and candidate for governor of that state knows exactly the kind of world he wants, for he has been thinking and writing about it for over thirty years.

ANOTHER HALF PINT

Thomas H. McInnerney

Charles H. Melish in the May FORUM scanned the troublesome problem of milk production and suggested state milk-shed authorities. Mr. McInnerney does not agree. Increase consumption rather than curtail production is his dictum. "If the American people should drink one glass more of milk daily, there would be no problem."

THE ART OF CO-OPERATION

Stewart Paton

A prominent psychiatrist analyzes some of the causes of the emotional and mental disorders of our world and pleads for co-operation in all of human endeavor as the only road to efficiency in our joint undertakings.

SUPERFLUOUS SURGERY

A Layman

Well-informed medical authorities claim that two out of every five operations are frankly unnecessary. Surgery like morphine, is a great boon to mankind, but in the opinion of the author surgery, like morphine, can be, and is, abused.

THE WAGES OF CHARITY

Lucile Grebenc

In the January FORUM Miss Grebenc wrote an article describing her successful experiment in going "back to the land" when the depression drove her, jobless, from the city. Since then she has been getting letters, letters, and more letters — largely from people who want to join her or experiment for themselves. Now she analyzes the cases of many of these writers — their economic and psychic dislocation — and poses the question: what is wrong with our civilization, that so many persons must turn to outside help to solve their problems?

OTHER FEATURES

"American Utopians," in which Ida Tarbell traces the influence of Henry George and Edward Bellamy on later economic philosophy; "The Opium of the People," an analysis of communist morality, by William M. Barber; "A Woman Plows In Cotton," by Julia Railey, describing the reactions of her colored tenants to the revolution in agriculture; "The Birthday," a short story, by Koni Fine.

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

THE COMING AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by George Soule (Macmillan, $2.50). Mr. Soule appears to have moved leftward since he wrote *A Planned Society*. He no longer believes that planning and the profit motive are compatible, and he says as much plainly in a lucid and telling book which makes even Stuart Chase seem distressingly ambiguous. It should be a corrective for those who talk loosely and ignorantly of revolution, who believe that capitalism will topple with a loud, sudden noise to the accompaniment of rioting in the streets. Mr. Soule is not so naïve. He first examines the general pattern of revolution as exemplified in Puritan England, Colonial America, France, and Russia and then analyzes our present status, with particular reference to the New Deal, in order to discover what the prospects really are. He concludes that we are well started on a revolutionary cycle — witness such factors as basic technical changes in our way of life, the rise of new classes, the internal disorders of capitalism, the ferment among intellectuals — but that the crisis, with its actual shift of power, will be deferred for a generation or two. So much of Mr. Soule's book is brilliantly suggestive that it is hard to choose specific points for praise. One might mention particularly, however, his acute analysis of the New Deal and the incongruities of capitalist planning, his exposition of the rôle of the intellectuals, his excellent generalizations concerning the course of revolutions and the way in which power comes to change hands. Mr. Soule is one of the ablest and most clear-headed of our more advanced writers on economics, and this, so far, is the best of his books.

ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS, by Tatiana Tchernavin (Dutton, $2.50). As a record of human suffering and courage, this book is impressive, whatever one's attitude towards the Soviet Union. The daughter of a well-known liberal professor, married to a scientist and herself a teacher and scholar, Tatiana Tchernavin welcomed the overthrow of autocracy and faced the Revolution without fear. Privation and petty tyranny disillusioned her to some extent, but there followed good years when she did important government work in the museums of Leningrad and was able to care properly for her small son. Then came 1930 and wholesale arrests of the intellectuals. After a month of agonized expectation her husband was thrown into prison, and not long afterward Tatiana met a similar fate. After five dreadful months, during which the child was left to fend for himself, Tatiana was released only to find that her husband has been sent to one of the dreaded penal colonies in Northern Russia. There she and the child visited him and planned an escape to Finland across the dreary forest wilderness which lines the border. Their plans, however, went awry, for at the very start of their perilous adventure they lost both map and compass and were forced to struggle blindly on, day after day, with bleeding feet and insufficient food, until, half dead, they managed to reach their goal. One may discount to some extent Madame Tchernavin's damaging charges against Soviet bureaucratism, cruelty, inefficiency, stupidity. Such an attitude on her part is only natural. One cannot minimize, however, the bravery and endurance of herself, her husband, and her little son nor find the story of their adventures anything but moving. *Escape from the Soviets* is extraordinary and exciting.

PEOPLE AT WORK, by Frances Perkins (John Day, $2.50). Drawing deeply on her personal knowledge and long experience of the problems of the American wage earner, the Secretary of Labor sketches briefly the history of American labor and the slow awakening of the public conscience in regard to industrial reform. She naturally dwells at some length upon the legislation put through under the NRA and proposes in addition various remedies for seasonal unemployment, monotony of work, etc. which are commendable for their excellent common sense. Her plea, always, is consideration for the worker as a human being, and she writes from the moral viewpoint of one who believes in social justice. Practical, humane, informatory, skillful in its use of statistics, her book strikes one, nevertheless, as being somewhat evasive where the graver issues of modern economics are concerned. Miss Perkins' optimism about the labor legislation of the New Deal is natural in a member of the present administration, but necessarily she leaves many questions unanswered.

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THE BOOK PARADE

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, by Louis-Ferdinand Celine (Little, Brown, $2.50). The excitable French have wrangled endlessly over this novel — of which, incidentally, they bought some 195,000 copies. It has been called disgusting, brutal, degenerate, but after reading it one begins to believe that the French must be over-queasy. Celine's novel is powerful, mordant, and unpleasant, but it does not seem to justify quite so much excitement. Closely paralleling the life of the author (whose real name, incidentally, is Dr. Destouches) it tells the story of a certain embittered neurotic named Bardamu who gets a bad start by being hurled into the war, is treated for mental disorder, goes to a fever-sodden colony in Africa, escapes from there to America, and ends up as a doctor in a wretched quarter of Paris. Bardamu is an underdog who happens to be an intellectual. He sees the world as corrupt, diseased, evil; he knows no one who is not tainted; he is oppressed by the ignominy of himself and his fellows. This is as completely despairing a book as one could find, impressive, finely written but too monotonous in tone, too unrelieved, to be as stirring as one might expect.

FIRST CHILDHOOD, by Lord Berners (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). The reminiscences of English aristocracy are often intolerably dull, but these of Lord Berners have a wit, a charm, and a candor which make them something special. The names of prominent people do not cluster like flies upon his pages. Rather, he tells very simply the story of his early childhood — much of which was spent at the neo-Gothic country place of his very Victorian grandparents — and of his experiences at a preparatory school run by an exceptionally sadistic headmaster. The exactness of his memories, the pungency of his comments on uncles, aunts, and neighbors, the flavor of the past which he manages to recapture combine to produce a disarming and frequently a very amusing book.

OUR MASTER'S VOICE: ADVERTISING, by James Rorty (John Day, $3.00). Advertising has been attacked before, but seldom with such gusto, such deadly satiric aim. Mr. Rorty writes as a disciple of Thorstein Veblen, an enemy of capitalism, a valiant foe of "the ad-man's pseudoculture," which he describes as acquisitive, emulative, disintegrating. His book is a strange potpourri of shrewd analysis and excellent vaudeville. It goes to the roots of the disease which preys on a business society; it rightly includes as advertising such mediums as the press, the movies, and radio; it raises disturbing questions; and it shows up James Rorty (himself for many years an advertising man) as one of the best haters on record.

THE HOUSE IN THE HILLS, by Simonne Ratel (Macmillan, $2.50). Three entirely charming children dominate this book, which is wholly unlike the conventional French novel of amorous intrigue. Married most unhappily to a cold, arrogant, possessive man, a scientist, Isabelle Durras had come to center her life in these three, who returned her devotion with equal abandon. She shielded them from her husband's ill temper, nurtured their special gifts carefully, and managed to create, in the gloomy uplands house where they lived, a gracious and joyous atmosphere for them to grow in. When she was offered love, and a chance to escape from her bitter bondage to her husband, she rejected freedom for fear of what might happen to the children. Admittedly a slight book, *The House in the Hills* is beautifully and delicately written.

THE CASE FOR STERILIZATION, by Leon F. Whitney (Stokes, $2.50). Marshaling his facts clearly and with great deftness Mr. Whitney — who is Director of the American Eugenics Society — makes out an impressive case for sterilization in the interests of a better social order. The operation, he says, is a simple one and does not interfere with normal sexual functions; it effectively prevents the diseased and the degenerate from transmitting an hereditary taint. In the course of his exposition, Mr. Whitney presents formidable statistics concerning feeblemindedness and its cost to the community; he answers the many arguments that have been brought forward against sterilization; he attempts to show that, providing the stigma of compulsion were not attached to it, most degenerates would welcome sterilization as a means of avoiding unwanted children. Birth control for those capable of using it intelligently, sterilization for those who cannot is what Mr. Whitney advocates in this book.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS, by James Hilton (Little, Brown, $1.25). Very close to *Journey's End* and *Cavalcade* in its emotional plea for the English tradition, this tender, wistful little book achieves a kind of perfection to which even the hard-boiled are likely to respond. Mr. Chipping, whose students affectionately called him Mr. Chips, had been a fixture at Brookfield for sixty-odd years. He taught the classics to successive generations of boys, becoming more mellow, more lovable, more eccentric as the years sped on. The old graduates defended him fiercely when modern efficiency threatened to thrust him from his beloved school; he came in time to represent the spirit of that school and, indeed, of pre-war England itself. Nostalgic in mood, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* is a tribute to virtues and values fast vanishing.

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Where-To-Go is concluded at top of page VI

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OUR ROSTRUM

THE POETRY CONTEST

The names of the three prize winners in THE FORUM'S *poetry contest for undergraduates of American colleges and universities are announced on page 84 of this issue. The Editor feels that the following deserve Honorable Mention: Jean Cameron; Principia College, St. Louis, Mo. Berniece Eves; Pearl River Junior College, Picayune, Miss. Carol Ely Harper; Linfield College, McMinnville, Ore. Pearl Levison; Bennington College, Bennington, Vt. Jean Loevinger; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. Milton Mangum; Ricks College, Rexburg, Ida. Robert E. Mitchell; Miami University, Oxford, O. Selma R. Osterman; University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. Mary Francis Owsley; University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. Roselyn Quinn; College of Saint Teresa, Winona, Minn. Elihu Robinson; State Teachers' College, Montclair, N. J. Owen L. Saddler; Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa. Anne Woestenburg; Bowling Green State College, Bowling Green, O.*

Of interest to entrants and others may be the list of colleges and universities from which students submitted verse in the contest:

ALABAMA. *Alabama College, Alabama Teachers' College, University of Alabama.*

ARKANSAS. *John E. Brown College.*

CALIFORNIA. *Chico State College, Deep Springs Preparatory and Collegiate, Fresno State Teachers' College, Los Angeles Junior College, Pomona College, San Francisco State Teachers' College, San Jose State College, University of California, University of Southern California, Williams Junior College.*

COLORADO. *Colorado State Teachers' College, Colorado Women's College, University of Colorado, University of Denver.*

CONNECTICUT. *Connecticut State College, Trinity College, Yale University.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. *Gallaudet College, George Washington University, Howard University, National University, Miner Teachers' College.*

FLORIDA. *Florida State Teachers' College, Rollins College, University of Florida, University of Miami, University of Tampa.*

GEORGIA. *Agnes Scott College, Georgia Southwestern College, Mercer University, Shorter College, Southern Georgia Teachers' College.*

IDAHO. *Ricks College.*

ILLINOIS. *Augustana College, Broadview College, Eastern Illinois State Teachers' College, Illinois State Normal University, Joliet Junior College, Lake Forest College, Northwestern University, Rosary College, St. Xavier College, South Normal College, University of Chicago, University of Illinois, Western Illinois State Teachers' College, Y. M. C. A. Central College.*

INDIANA. *Butler College, De Pauw University, Earlham College, Evansville College, Gary College, Indiana University, University of Notre Dame.*

IOWA. *Cornell College, Iowa State College, Iowa State Teachers' College, Iowa University, Iowa Wesleyan, Luther College, Morningside College, Simpson College.*

KANSAS. *Schuyler Hall, Southwestern University.*

KENTUCKY. *Nazareth College, State Teachers' College.*

LOUISIANA. *University of Louisiana.*

MAINE. *Bates College, Gorham Normal College.*

MARYLAND. *Baltimore College Center, Goucher College, Johns Hopkins.*

MASSACHUSETTS. *American International College, Amherst College, Boston College, Boston University, Clark University, Harvard University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mt. Holyoke College, Northeastern College, Smith College, Wellesley College, Williams College.*

MICHIGAN. *Calvin College, Kalamazoo College, Marygrove College, Wayne University, Western State Teachers' College.*

MINNESOTA. *College of St. Catherine, College of St. Teresa, St. Olaf College, University of Minnesota.*

MISSISSIPPI. *Jones Junior College, Mississippi State College for Women, Pearl River Junior College, University of Mississippi.*

MISSOURI. *Harris Teachers' College, Principia College, St. Joseph Junior College, Stephens College, University of Missouri, Washington University, Westminster College, William Jewell College.*

NEBRASKA. *Union College, University of Nebraska.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE. *Dartmouth College, University of New Hampshire.*

NEW JERSEY. *State Teachers' College, Union County Junior College.*

NEW MEXICO. *New Mexico State Teachers' College.*

NEW YORK. *Barnard College, Brooklyn College, Colgate College, College of the City of New York, College of Mt. St. Vincent, College of New Rochelle, College of the Sacred Heart, Columbia University, Cornell University, Fordham University, Hartwick College, Hunter College, Keuka College, Long Island University, Manhattan College, New York State Junior College, New York University, Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, St. John's University, Sarah Lawrence College, Skidmore College, United States Military Academy, Wells College, Yeshiva College.*

NORTH CAROLINA. *Appalachian State Teachers' College, State Normal, University of North Carolina.*

OHIO. *Akron University, Bowling Green State College, Capital University, Heidelberg College, Hillsdale College, Ohio State University, University of Cincinnati, Uni-*

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versity of Toledo, Western Reserve University.

OKLAHOMA. *Oklahoma College for Women, Oklahoma University, Phillips University, Southwestern State Teachers' College.*

OREGON. *Linfield College, Reed College.*

PENNSYLVANIA. *Allegheny College, Bryn Mawr College, Bucknell University, Cheyney Teachers' College, Haverford College, Swarthmore College, Temple University, University of Pittsburgh, Ursinus College, Waynesburg College, West Chester State Teachers' College.*

RHODE ISLAND. *Brown University.*

SOUTH CAROLINA. *Mars Hill, University of South Carolina, Winthrop College.*

SOUTH DAKOTA. *Yankton College.*

TENNESSEE. *George Peabody College, State Teachers' College, University of Tennessee.*

TEXAS. *Eastern Texas State Teachers' College, Texas University.*

UTAH. *University of Utah.*

VERMONT. *Battell College, Bennington College, Vermont University.*

VIRGINIA. *State Teachers' College, University of Virginia, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Washington and Lee University.*

WASHINGTON. *Gonzaga University, Washington State Normal School.*

WEST VIRGINIA. *Bethany College, New River State College, West Virginia University.*

WISCONSIN. *Beloit College, Carroll College, Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee State Teachers' College, University of Wisconsin.*

LIKE THE WEATHER

To the Editor:

Mr. Riley's economic analysis ["Masters of Make," July FORUM] seems to me sound, and it is helpful to have an emphasis on the *use* of goods, as distinguished from selling, selling, selling. However, I do not expect consumers to do any more about it than they do about the weather.

CHARLES A. BEARD

New Milford, Conn.

TWO-DOLLAR STORY

To the Editor:

Attached is my check for $2. . . .

The short story . . . "Shadows," by Burnham Carter [July FORUM], is worth $2. . . .

F. J. PAXON

Atlanta, Ga.

INFORMATION ON RUSSIA

George F. Havell, Managing Editor of THE FORUM, *is spending the summer in the Soviet Union. Any queries from readers about the U. S. S. R. will be forwarded to Mr. Havell.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S DILEMMA

To the Editor:

Please inform me, has THE FORUM gone in for a sense of humor? On reading the article entitled "The Young Man's Dilemma [June FORUM] by Dan W. Gilbert, I was not much surprised until I read the "Toasts" column and discovered that the author was only twenty-two. I am accustomed to being libeled in various periodicals . . . but to be so grossly misrepresented by one who professes to belong to the same group was somewhat more than I expected. . . .

After much thought I came to the conclusion that the article was not serious at all, that THE FORUM only desired expression from youths between the ages of twenty and twenty-five regarding the world as they see it and chose the method of approximating a conception, via Mr. Gilbert, directly contradictory to the actual realities. . . .

If Mr. Gilbert is right, then all idealists of any age may simply commit suicide and end their struggles. . . .

I trust that THE FORUM will admit its joke or that Mr. Gilbert will illustrate the efficacy of his system. . . .

CARLISLE H. SCHMITZER

San Pedro, Calif.

To the Editor:

The article, "The Young Man's Dilemma," published in the June issue, seems to me to have been written by a truly young man, young in the sense of intellectual development. He seems to me to have an especially bad case of mid-Victorian hangover. . . .

From personal experience I may state that at twenty-one the average young woman has not had an abundance of companionate marriages — not that companionate marriages are a bad thing. . . .

How does the author know the modern young woman will not develop into a fine woman? Has he seen one develop? How does he know his mother was a fine woman? Mothers have a way of playing tin angel to their children. . . .

Did the same person write the articles "Life Ends at Forty" . . . and "Renascence at Forty?" . . . Will the answer to Mr. Gilbert's article be written by Mr. Gilbert? . . .

ANONYMOUS

Boulder, Colo.

"Life Ends at Forty" and "Renascence at Forty" were not written by the same author. The answer [July FORUM*] to Mr. Gilbert's article was not written by Mr. Gilbert.*

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By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Postgraduate Hospital, Columbia University

SUBJECTS EMBRACED

THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, Reservatus; etc.)
SEX ABNORMALITIES (Perversion, Sadism, Masochism, Fetichism, Exhibitionism, Homosexuality, Hermaphrodism, etc.)
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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

THE CHURCH MADE COMMUNISM

David Carl Colony

"The Church made communism. The Church can destroy it." With this challenging statement the author, himself an Episcopalian minister, begins his indictment of modern Christianity. The Church, he says, by its tacit approval of the inhumanity of the industrial revolution alienated those who wished to humanize it. Only the Church has the latent power to recover from the communists those doctrines of Jesus which Karl Marx made the basis of his revolutionary dialectic.

THE COTTON SOUTH AGAINST THE NATION

Peter Molyneaux

As the country attacks the problem of recovery it is being said that the cotton industry is among those which must be sacrificed to the new conception of the common good. What is the historic economic background for this statement? Mr. Molyneaux examines it and concludes that the maintenance of a high-tariff policy of self-contained nationalism spells the economic and social doom of the South.

BIRTH CONTROL: A DEBATE

Reverend Dr. Edward Roberts Moore
Guy Irving Burch

"The Death Lobby" is what Father Moore calls the group in Washington fighting for statutory legalization of contraceptives and of the dissemination of birth-control information. An increase in the practice of contraception means a rapidly declining birth rate, economic disintegration, and social decay. Far from being a purely religious issue, he says, it is being fought by many non-sectarian interests on other grounds. Mr. Burch will take issue, point by point, with all of Father Moore's contentions.

THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

Paul U. Kellogg

Mr. Kellogg, Editor of *Survey Graphic*, makes a notable contribution to the series which Charles A. Beard began in our June issue. Our first charge, he contends, is to lay down a new security of livelihood. Given a new and firm foothold on the American continent, he proposes five frontiers on which to advance.

A WOMAN RUNS HER COAL MINES

Marian J. Castle

Cynics have observed that the quickest way to make a conservative out of a liberal is to make him a property owner. But Josephine Roche, since 1928 owner and operator of the second largest coal-mining company in Colorado, seems to be the exception to this excellent rule. Strangely enough for one of her background, she has effected all those liberal policies constantly urged on our industries; stranger still, she has been successful with them.

OTHER FEATURES

"Masters of Use," the second of Lewis A. Riley's two papers; "What Profiteth a Man?" a farmer's philosophy of life, by Lewis Sherburne; "An Irish Prophecy," an unpublished letter of James Stephens, written in 1916; "Heredity and Human Affairs," by Otto L. Mohr; "Home Wedding," a third Barbry Miller story, by Dora Aydelotte; "Gin a Body Meet a Body," a short story by Alice A. Fraser.

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

A BACKWARD GLANCE, by Edith Wharton (Appleton-Century, $3.00). The formal, frozen world of Newport and old New York regarded the writing tribe as an alien species. This book of reminiscences is at once an enchanting evocation of that tight little world of the seventies and eighties and an account of how Mrs. Wharton, herself so impeccably well-born, escaped from it. Her novels are the more remarkable when one considers against what odds she contended. In later life, miraculously, she exchanged polite provincialism for as completely cosmopolitan an existence as one could well picture. Her descriptions of famous French salons, of literary society in London, of such celebrities as Henry James, George Meredith, Paul Bourget compete in interest with various revealing chapters on her method of work and the genesis of some of her books. This is a charming autobiography — correctly reticent and dignified, to be sure, but written with humor and urbanity. Even better, perhaps, than in her famous novel Mrs. Wharton crystallizes for all time the Age of Innocence.

ARTISTS IN UNIFORM, by Max Eastman (Knopf, $2.50). One of the most effective pamphleteers of his generation, Mr. Eastman beats the propagandists at their own game when he attacks the Marxist theory of art as a class weapon. His book is a bitter plaint against the regimentation of literature in Soviet Russia, particularly during the years 1924–1932. He describes the enforced servitude of Communist writers (American as well as Russian) to a narrow-minded bureaucracy, dwells on the persecution, in some cases leading to suicide, of certain distinguished poets and critics, demands ringingly that art, even in Russia, be divorced from party propaganda. The fair-minded reader must remember, of course, that Mr. Eastman is a Trotskyite and as such inalterably hostile to the Stalin régime. Also that the policy which he deplores has recently been radically modified. Even when one discounts his book to this extent, however, much that he says seems shiningly sensible, and still more impressive are his frequent quotations from Lenin — who obviously had a juster perception of the function of art and culture than his more rabid disciples would have one believe.

BREATHE UPON THESE SLAIN, by Evelyn Scott (Smith & Haas, $2.50). In this story of a Victorian family — whose existence she reconstructs from photographs and other relics in a rented English cottage — Miss Scott voices her personal conviction more freely than she did, say, in *A Calendar of Sin*. The four Courtney girls and their brother were all victims, in varying degrees of a stupid and narrow code. Ethel, the skeptic, alone rebelled effectively, and though her marriage was unhappy and her life rather futile she did achieve a measure of spiritual freedom. In her maturity she was confronted by the radicalism of the younger generation, but their proffered utopias left her distrustful and filled her with dread of a new kind of regimentation. Like her heroine, Miss Scott is no believer in panaceas — but she has the most profound belief in the inquiring human intelligence. Her book is packed with ideas, not all of them entirely lucid. It also, merely as a story, has great charm, and is written with more warmth and ease, more poetic color, than most of her previous novels.

NINE ETCHED FROM LIFE, by Emil Ludwig (McBride, $3.00). As journalist extraordinary to all Europe, Mr. Ludwig has met, face to face, the nine post-war figures whose portraits he sketches in this book. Some, indeed, he has known well. Believing, as he does, that history is made by great men, Mr. Ludwig's attitude is frankly that of the hero-worshiper — an attitude somewhat destructive of critical perspective. Providing a man is sufficiently a genius, it seems to matter very little to Mr. Ludwig whether he functions as dictator, humanitarian, radical, or democrat. One cannot expect from him balanced and definitive estimates. What he has to offer is a series of character studies, some quite brilliant, some sketchy, superficial, ephemeral. The portrait of Walter Rathenau is incomparably the best in the book, and next to it stand those of Masaryk and Fridtjof Nansen. His other subjects are Briand, Motta, Lloyd George, Venizelos, Mussolini, and Stalin. There is fresh, live material in this book, even when it only supplements the ordinary newspaper interview, but Mr. Ludwig does not qualify as an analyst of the ultimate results of his heroes' achievements.

THE UNPOSSESSED, by Tess Slesinger (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). There is something curiously final, definitive, about this extraordinary first novel. Slashing, witty, vehement, both comic and heart-breaking, it makes the ordinary novel of contemporary New York seem pallid and synthetic. Miss Slesinger has been eaves-

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BOUND AUG 28 1935

dropping among the intellectuals — that floating, rather pitiful class whom she calls the unpossessed. They are all here: the parlor radicals who want to start a magazine, the erotic novelists with a pinkish tinge, the cocktail girl who floats from man to man, the bitter Jewish professor whose mind is too open and too skeptical, the fierce young Communists from Columbia and N. Y. U., the sterile, semi-intelligent women who have traded their ancient privileges for wretched little jobs. Impartially, save that she too seems to have an obscure grudge against men, Miss Slesinger exposes their follies, their vanities, their valor, and their painful unrest, weaving a number of stories together in a loose but well-contrived structure. Her weakness lies in the direction of dazzle for its own sake, showiness, a too self-conscious and elaborate use of words, but *The Unpossessed* has so much bite and drive that one can forgive minor faults.

WATERFRONT, by John Brophy (Macmillan, $2.00). Crisp, brief, and well written this is the story of a Liverpool family who live in a semi-slum district near the Mersey estuary. The two daughters, both shop assistants, have reached a crisis in their love affairs when their sea-faring father returns home after an absence of fourteen years and involves them in front-page tragedy. Mr. Brophy's descriptions of waterfront society are sharp, exact, graphic, and his book, though slight, is exceptionally dramatic and real.

AMONG THE LOST PEOPLE, by Conrad Aiken (Scribner, $2.25). To say that Mr. Aiken is an extraordinarily accomplished story teller is, by this time, superfluous. In his latest collection he deals as usual with the delicate, fine shades of emotion which escape the ordinary writer. Some of his tales are a little cruel; some verge towards the psychopathic; some, like "The Night Before Prohibition," are humanly poignant. All of them are very nearly perfect of their kind.

THE LAND OF PLENTY, by Robert Cantwell (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). This excellent novel of class discord in a Pacific coast lumber mill exhibits none of the crudities too often associated with proletarian fiction. Mr. Cantwell is a subtle and exciting writer, no trafficker in bald blacks and whites. He plunges one bodily into the unendurable tension which exists in his factory — first when the lights blow out and the machines whirr down into silence; finally when the workers' grievances culminate in a bloody and dramatic strike. The strain between the workers and their masters, between one group of workers and another, between conflicting personalities, is always brilliantly real and exists against a dreary background which the reader can see and smell and feel. There is nothing doctrinaire about this book. Mr. Cantwell writes of actual, individualized workers and owners. He writes of them so poignantly, so well, that it is not necessary for him to tag his moral.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD, by Selma Lagerlöf (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A sequel to *Mårbacka*, this is a wholly irresistible account of Miss Lagerlöf's childhood on a Swedish country estate. She writes in the present tense — not as if she were remembering the glamorous past through a mist but as if she were still the eager, lame ten-year-old viewing her small world with preposterously fresh eyes. The manor house at Mårbacka offered all sorts of enticements to the Lagerlöf children, and it was usually crowded with guests who came to share the leisurely hospitality of the seventies. Small incidents of daily life are interspersed with old family legends, nursery tales, recollections of quaint customs, and the result is a book which challenges comparison with the best of Miss Lagerlöf's novels.

KALEIDOSCOPE, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, $3.00). In these thirteen stories and novelettes, Stefan Zweig proves himself a superb craftsman rather than an author of great emotional power. The themes are various. "Buchmendel," one of the best stories in the book, concerns an old book pedlar with a prodigious bibliographical memory; "Impromptu Study of a Handicraft," an exquisitely finished tale, deals with a pickpocket. Vienna, both pre-war and post-war, plays a large part in most of the stories, and Zweig is at his happiest in describing the life of her streets and cafés. When he writes, however — and rather heavily — of the more profound passions, he leaves one curiously untouched. His deftly embroidered tales are never trite, never dull, always beautifully constructed, but there remains an air of artifice about them.

STRIPLINGS, by N. Warner Hooke (Dutton, $2.50). This story of an English family distinguished for its improprieties starts out by being preposterously funny and ends in something very like tragedy. Ignored by their horse-loving mother and only faintly trammeled by an anxious governess, Biff and Netta grew up in the country like young savages. As the family fortunes declined, paint peeled, and bailiffs swarmed, they turned wilder and wilder. Half brother and half sister — and irregular ones at that — they were almost too inseparable. Netta was her brother's abject slave and the abettor of his most outrageous pranks. Then the rôles were reversed. At fourteen they were sent to conventional schools, where Netta flourished and Biff did not, and the first vacation found them adolescents rather than children. Too tragically susceptible to his sister's charm, too conscious that he had lost his hold over her, Biff's doom was sealed. *Striplings* is a curious, very unusual book — for the most part exuberantly amusing — which handles a difficult theme more delicately than one would have believed possible.

REFLECTIONS ON THE END OF AN ERA, by Reinhold Niebuhr (Scribner, $2.00). Few men who write from the religious viewpoint are as advanced in their political and economic ideas as Mr. Niebuhr. It is his belief that the old capitalistic order is disintegrating, and his plea is for a new régime of social ownership and justice for the disinherited. At the same time he does not go the whole way with the Marxists, particularly in their rejection of the religious impulse, and he maintains that even when social inequalities are at last smoothed away there will be a great need for that creative type of religion, with a radical orientation, which he sees as much more effective than rational liberalism.

THE GINGER GRIFFIN, by Ann Bridge (Little, Brown, $2.50). As in *Peking Picnic*, that curious, confined China of the foreign legations is the setting for Miss Bridge's novel. Chaperoned by a British diplomat and his wife, Amber Harrison went out to Peking to recover from an unhappy love affair. Almost immediately she again became emotionally, and unluckily, involved with a ruthless young man on the embassy staff. The small social world of Peking, with its all-important race meets and cocktail parties, is very deftly described, but on the whole *The Ginger Griffin* has less charm and sparkle than *Peking Picnic* and leans too heavily on its exotic background.

INDUSTRIALIZED RUSSIA, Alcan Hirsch (Chemical Catalog, $3.00). Primarily intended, of course, for business men and specialists, this is an extraordinarily enlightened and unprejudiced report by an American who for two years was chief consulting engineer to the Soviet Chemical Industry. As Maurice Hindus says in his preface, Dr. Hirsch has a more intelligent grasp of what Russia is really trying to do than most of the returned engineers who have published their impressions. His summary of the progress in various industries is pretty technical for the layman, but these solider chapters are varied by some first-rate anecdotal material and by shrewd comments on the trend of present-day Russian life. Not a "literary" book, but a good one.

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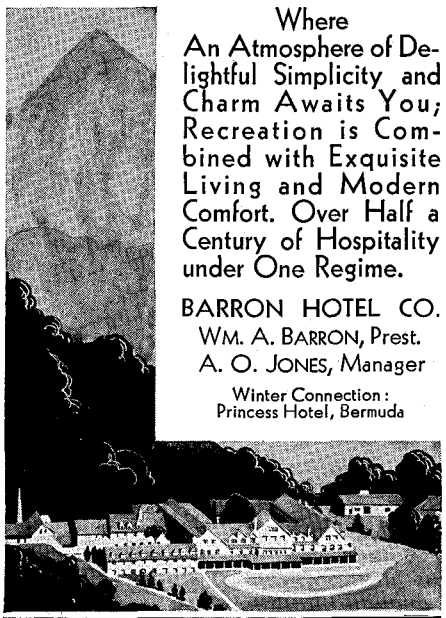

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THE FISHER PLAN

Opinion on Cyrus Fisher's article ("Clear the Air!") in the June FORUM, *judged by returns on the radio questionnaire printed in the same issue, is rather overwhelmingly favorable, in spite of a certain amount of sharp dissent.*

A few comments appended to questionnaires: Cyrus Fisher should be commended for his effort toward freeing radio from its present sad state. ✓ ✓ ✓ I wish to express my appreciation for Mr. Fisher's efforts in behalf of the American public. ✓ ✓ ✓ Keep up the good work! ✓ ✓ ✓ The proposed pure-food-and-drug act would help to clear off some outrageous advertising. ✓ ✓ ✓ As it is now, our radio is more of a bane than a blessing. It could be marvelous.

Other readers, however, express doubt (as does Mr. Brokaw in this issue) that the Fisher balloting system would raise program standards, for the reason that most of the public is satisfied with the present level of radio entertainment.

Gabriel A. Bellin, of Rockaway, N. Y., says that Mr. Fisher errs on the side of over-optimism and a naïve conviction that our public is anxious for a higher type of radio entertainment.

Corneil Ridderhof, of San Diego, Calif., makes the same objection and ends by declaring, Now, at least we get something good every day, but I doubt if we'd ever be offered anything worth-while if the listener, as a class, had his say.

Dane B. Sutfin, of Hornell, N. Y., says, 90 per cent of public not capable of such mental effort.

A. M. Pierson, of Los Angeles, Calif., inquires: Wouldn't popular craze for jazz and trash vote our preferences out of existence?

Edward E. West, of Monrovia, Calif., suggests that stations should specialize,—one in classical music, one in jazz, one in lectures, and so on. Many who filled out questionnaires expressed a profound disgust with radio advertising.

Meanwhile, Congressmen Ramspeck (Georgia) and Edmonds (Pennsylvania) have written to say they are opposed to any plan involving the taxation of radio sets. Federal Radio Commissioner Lafount says he thinks the Commission has done a good job; also that, when Mr. Fisher rebuked that body for allowing "objectionable advertising" on the air, he forgot that censorship is specifically forbidden by act of Congress.

REBUTTAL BY AN AUTHOR

The anonymous lady who was responsible for "Life Ends at Forty" in our April issue, slightly nettled, slightly amused by the comments on her article, has written the Editor as follows:

Having just read in your June issue the article, "Renascence at Forty," and more excerpts from letters concerning my article . . . I think it is time for me to venture a comment of my own. With the possible single exception of the wise, kindly words by George W. Lyon in your May issue, the comments so far on my article reveal more about the readers of your magazine than my article revealed about me. Such ignorance of basic facts about emotions, such innocence of even the most fundamental and generally accepted facts of modern psychology I did not believe existed. Your husbands, wives, bachelors, doctors, ministers, and authors of best-selling books need to be taken in hand and told a few things too.

Let me elucidate. The author of my article *is* a woman; she is forty years old; and all the things I stated about her are, with one slight exception, true. I wrote the article because I was mad and wanted to get something off my chest; also, being something of an author, among other things, I have a habit of writing when I think I am to be paid for my labor. Only one false note colored my document: the swear words which some of your prissy correspondents objected to were not mine; an experienced literary adviser reminded me in writing the article that I had been hitherto in my writings somewhat too prim and advised me to use rough language for effect. I took my cuss words from his mouth.

My basic trouble is not folly, greed, morbid maternalism, inability to read rapidly, or inability to commune soulfully with the little birds, flowers, and wonderful stars.

My entire trouble is or was a complex. Surely I spread out the story clearly enough for even a college professor to understand. Until recently I led a suppressed life. Psychoanalysis has relieved the repression completely; I see now for the first time the errors made in my early education. I am emotionally balanced for the first time in my life. The only pathos is that this knowledge and experience have come too late for me to do as much about it as I might have a few years ago.

Do not your correspondents who think me bad or weak realize the possibility of an intelligent person living twenty or thirty years with a repression and not being responsible for it or realizing its existence? If they don't know this they have not even a superficial understanding of the human psyche. Energy and intelligence will do much to balance the evil effects of a serious repression, but there is no sound therapy for such a state except psychoanalysis or its equivalent.

Your correspondents also seem totally unfamiliar with the mood into which a person recently released psychically is bound to be plunged. Being intelligent, sensitive, and morally responsible, the former victim's first impulse is an angry determination to tell the world the good

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news. With this is mingled a certain rage at having been treated so unfairly and bitterly by fate. My article was written in the midst of this mood. The mood has already passed, and I'll soon be able to enjoy the birds and flowers and stars again and even perhaps to catch up on my rapid reading.

I have answered none of the letters written me by interested males. I don't need their co-operation or the sympathy or pity of anyone else. Nor am I writing this letter to defend my character or soothe my conscience. My chief purpose is to enlighten some of your correspondents. They're neglecting their homework in Freudian psychology.

A few more excerpts from letters on "Life Ends at Forty" and on Miss Grebenc's reply ("Renascence at Forty," June FORUM).

New Providence, Ia. — Old maids are happiest after they quit strugglin'.

New York, N. Y. — What a relief to read Lucile Grebenc's "Renascence at Forty" after Anonymous' "Life Ends at Forty," which gave me a positive pain. I am a woman past sixty. Life, in a sense, began some ten years ago, and it is now fuller and richer than ever, though without man, children, money.

Pittsburgh, Pa. — Miss Grebenc is the more fortunate of the two women because she has been able to make a better sublimation of the natural instincts and desires common to her sex. She would have welcomed the usual, normal outlet of the sex life but since this was denied her she has been able to make a very satisfactory adjustment.

Inverness, Calif. — Anonymous is announced as a teacher in an exclusive school. Well, all I have to say is that I would much rather have Miss Grebenc implant her philosophy of life in my children than Anonymous, who seems to have caught some of the undergraduate sophistry to which she has been exposed.

Albany, N. Y. — Your readers will thank you for the fresh breeze that Miss Grebenc brings to the controversy on the woman of forty. *This* woman looks at life with a clear eye and has a rich reward.

Leominster, Mass. — I have read and reread "Renascence at Forty" and can't seem to get very much steamed up over it. I guess I need an occasional "hell" with my reading to give it zest.

Great Bend, Kan. — I suspect that every American girl has somehow acquired the idea that it is a privilege to be a boy and a misfortune to be a girl. Miss Grebenc is like her sisters in that she despises her own sex. If she has not made herself over into a man, she has come so near to it that she seems pretty well satisfied with her work. It seems rather pitiful that such a remarkable woman should be a living sacrifice to an inferiority complex. She is kidding herself. What she needed (it is too late now) was a little bit of honest introspection.

Albion, N. Y. — May I say that in my opinion the article, "Renascence at Forty," is a very poor thing? It contains a personal description in a laboriously sprightly style; a certain amount of pseudo-scientific gabble — value precisely nothing; the reflection that most of the babies born had better not have been born — a peculiarly deep bit of thinking; the blessed assurance that to virgins of forty the knight may yet come riding — with a swell bag of obstetrical tricks in his hand; a generally pervasive atmosphere of smugness and rather shallowly based self-satisfaction which is somehow very irritating. This article may have been — undoubtedly was — a source of deep satisfaction to its writer. I should suspect that to the group for which "Life Ends at Forty" was written it would be a red rag to a bull and to many, many others rain on a tin roof.

Laguna Beach, Calif. — I awaited the reply to the article, "Life Ends at Forty," with much interest and curiosity, hoping that the writer would express more normal views in her answer than did Anonymous. But I was disappointed, when I read Lucile Grebenc's refutation, to find that she is apparently as abnormal in her reactions to life as is Anonymous.

In the May issue the following statement appeared in "The Second Four Million":

A special committee of the State [West Virginia] Legislature was appointed in January to inquire into public charges that a United States Senator had attempted to use the CWA as a political organization. The Senator named in these formal charges is a candidate for re-election this year.

THE FORUM *has since been informed that this statement is absolutely without foundation in truth, and it is therefore formally retracted. The Editor regrets the injustice done the Hon. H. D. Hatfield, of West Virginia, who might have been identified as the Senator referred to.*

YOUTH DEPARTMENT

To the Editor:

. . . The Dan W. Gilbert essay ["The Young Man's Dilemma," June FORUM] is so silly and childish that I hate to think anybody has to waste good pen and paper to bother answering him . . . To a G. O. P. ancestry and upbringing add a strong dash of fascism and two cups of immature journalism and you have his formula. . . .

. . . for Heaven's sake . . . protect readers from such nauseating, green-rotten vegetation.

N. MORTON FYBISH

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I am inclined to feel that Dan W. Gilbert . . . paints the condition of the young person in America to-day in terms of too much bewilderment . . . I feel that there are very promising efforts on foot to combat these problems. . . .

JOHN A. LANG

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . I come at last to the most revealing and absorbing statement by youth of its own stultification which I have ever read. Dan Gilbert's article is a stunning explosion; it is exactly the indictment of our civilization that I have been fumbling with for years. I have two sons myself, one nineteen, the other twenty-one, and Mr. Gilbert's article puts into forcible, compact expression the struggle I have been through for five or six years to offer them some sort of social ideal which would integrate their personalities. . . .

LEWIS A. RILEY

Washington, D. C.

BOHEMIANISM

To the Editor:

I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed Thomas F. Healy's article ["The Bohemian Captivity"] in the May issue of your magazine. Having lived for some time in the Village and known some of those he indicts so eloquently, I can appreciate his point of view, while at the same time I admire the detachment with which he can deal with that peculiar region and its inhabitants after ten years' exposure. . . .

B. M. WALSH

Oceanside, N. Y.

OUTSTANDING WRITER

In the course of debate on the Communications Bill in the Senate on May 15, Senator Hatfield of West Virginia read into the Congressional Record *Eddie Dowling's article ("Radio Needs a Revolution") from the February* FORUM. *Eddie, who is running for the U. S. senatorship in Rhode Island, was doubtless flattered by Senator Hatfield's reference to him as an "outstanding writer."*

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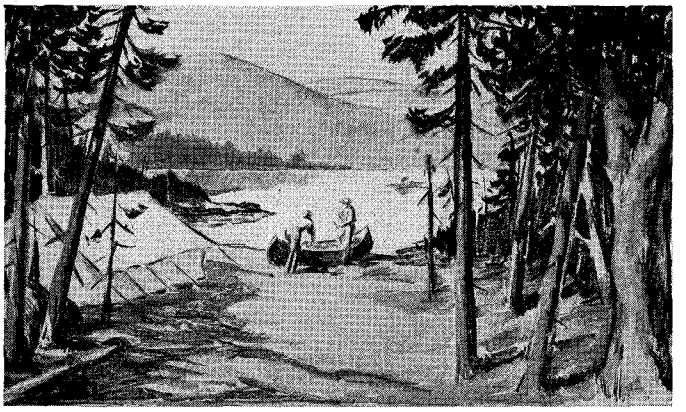

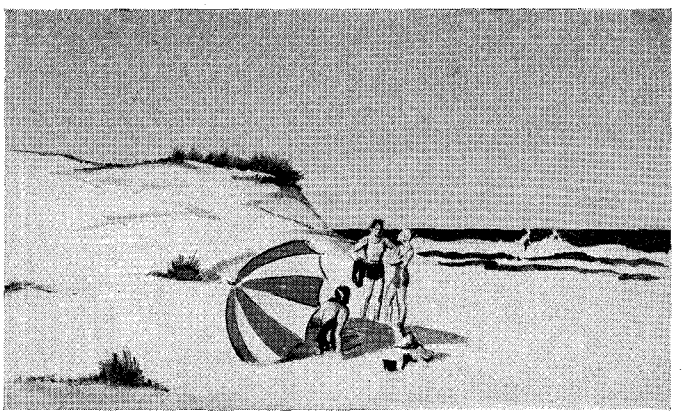

Have a Good Vacation

IF you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

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Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

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Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.

If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.

Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

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In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.

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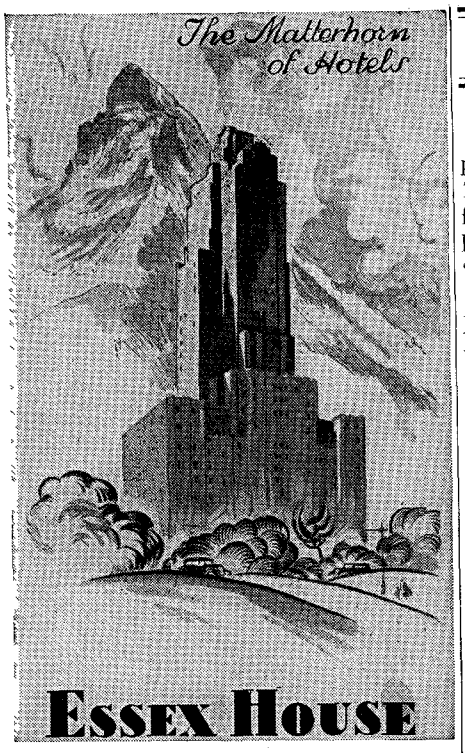

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TOASTS

MILTON S. MAYER, a Chicago newspaper man, is a regular contributor to *The Chicagoan* and has previously written for THE FORUM numerous articles, the last of which (November, 1933) was "Rapidly Aging Young Man."

LEWIS A. RILEY lives in Farmington, New Mexico. He was employed last winter as a government engineer on an irrigation-and-power project for the Indian Irrigation Service on the Northern Navajo Reservation and wrote most of his first article in the intervals after his fourteen-hour working day. He is now in Washington attached to the staff of New Mexico's Senator Bronson Cutting.

BURNHAM CARTER graduated from Princeton University in 1922 and is an associate of Ivy Lee, New York. He has written numerous short stories and one novel.

CHARLES H. MELISH is a Princeton graduate and a New York business man. Formerly THE FORUM's beverage expert ("Bunk About Beer," December, 1931; "The Milk Mess," May, 1934), he attempts with this issue a change of field.

F. C. BROKAW, since his graduation from Cornell in 1924, has been actively engaged in the advertising business, formerly in the magazine field and more recently in radio.

J. H. TOMPKINS graduated from Princeton University in 1933 and is a member of the editorial staff of a national magazine.

INNES H. PEARSE was formerly connected with the London Hospital and the Royal Free Hospital. She is now a Medical Director of the Pioneer Health Center and writer of medical articles.

G. SCOTT WILLIAMSON specializes in thyroid pathology. He is an honorary pathologist and lecturer on pathology at the Post Graduate School, Central London Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital.

FRANCES JEWELL MCVEY, a native of Lexington, Kentucky, is the wife of Frank L. McVey, President of the University of Kentucky.

JESSE STUART says that his father's people have been feudists, killers, boozers, country preachers, Republicans, and fine soldiers; his mother's, country schoolteachers, moonshiners, rebels, and Democrats. Mr. Stuart has been a farmer most of his life and is the only member of either family who has attended college.

KATHARINE STANLEY-BROWN lives most of the time on Nantucket Island, where she swims, plays the piano, makes doll-houses, writes songs, books, and magazine articles.

DORA AYDELOTTE spent her early life in the middlewestern country about which she writes. At the present time she is living in Chicago. Her Barbry Miller stories are to be published in book form in the near future.

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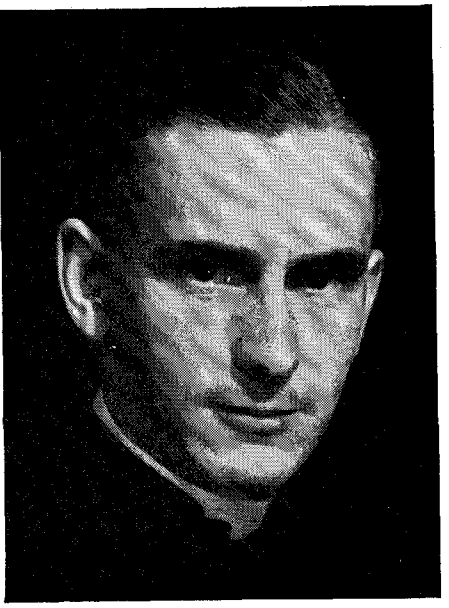

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